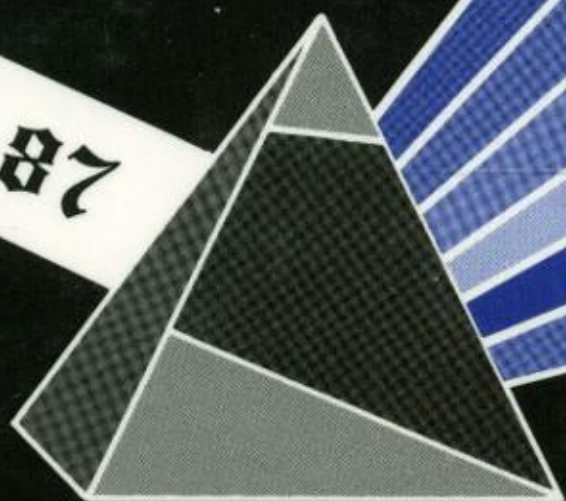


1986-87



W

A

L

D

E

N

Mike [Signature]

Barbara Wilson

Andy Flowers
Kelly Gustin

LEPPELIN

Lisa Wright
Zachary Reynolds

Julie
Danna

Gabe [Signature]
Gabe [Signature]

Drew Vaughan

David Peltz

Shana
Lima

Abri & Barron
Joshie
Moshad Amstad

Jim Zachary
Hawm [Signature]
Michelle [Signature]

Jason Swagon

Angie
Lickas

Heather
Caulton
Beth [Signature]

Keith & Fletcher

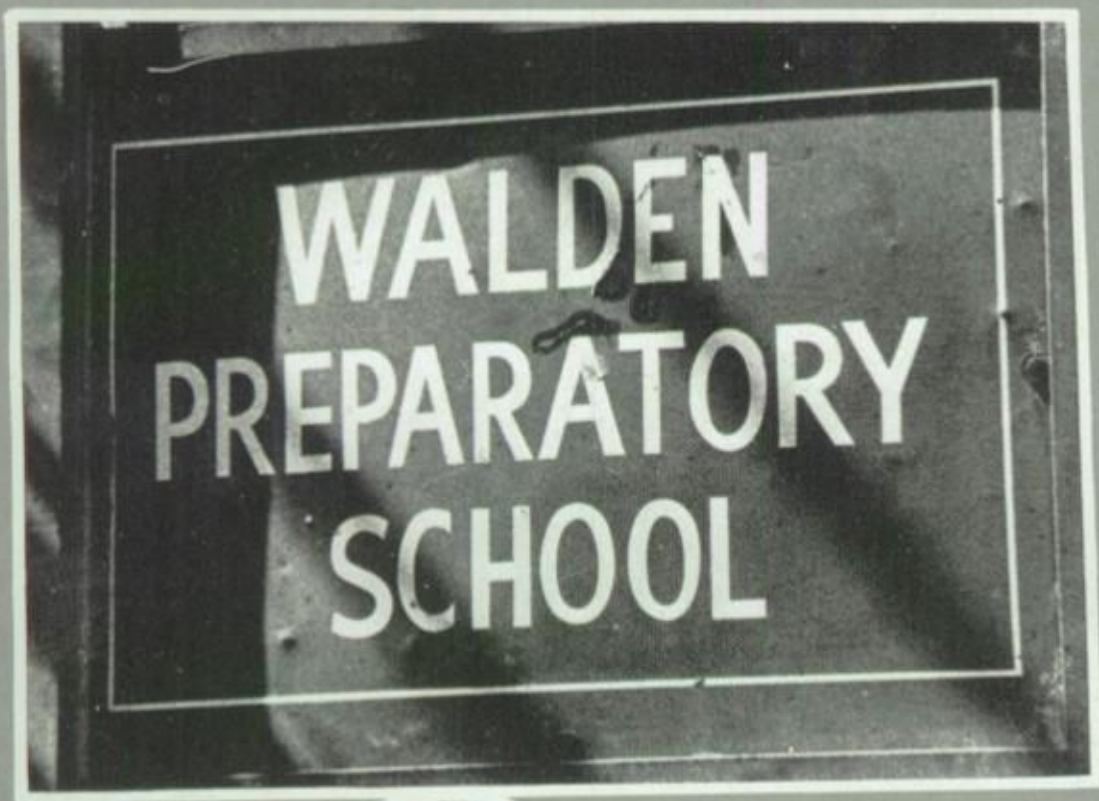


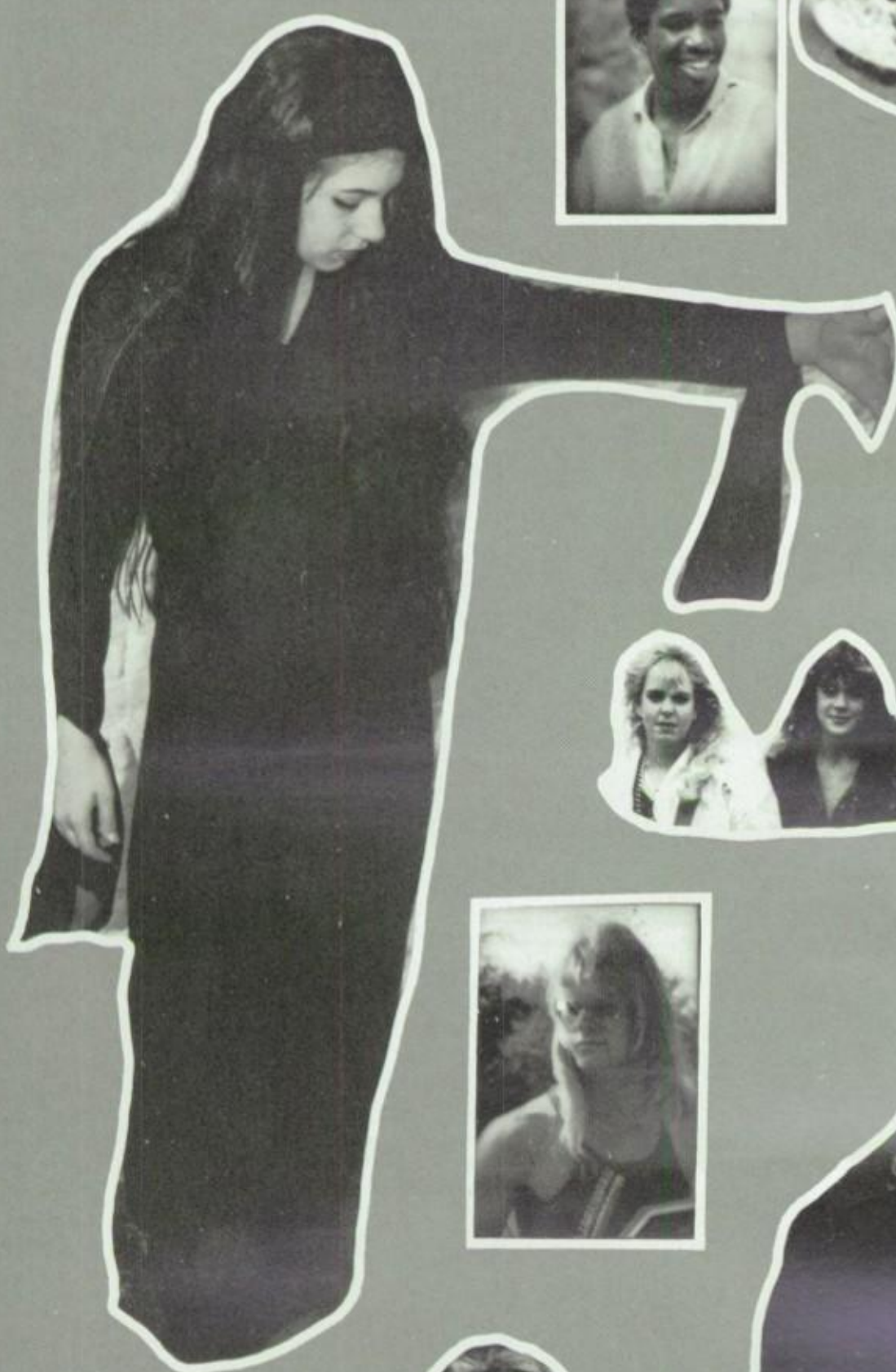


Walden



86-87







Seniors





Liza Zachary

Seniors

87



Shana Sims



Brian Holland



Allan McCracken



Rick Dungan

"Bow to Lepar Messiah or die"
Metallica



Paige Streeter

"It's all the same, only the
names will change, everyday
it seems we're wasting
away."

Jon Bon Jovi



Shawn Fry

Looks can be deceiving, but
actions can be fatal.
Unknown

Roger Nelson

"Woke up this morning with a
wine glass in my hand. Who's
wine, what wine, where the
hell did I dine?"

Peter Frampton

"Am I evil? Yes I am."

Metallica

"You're the master of your
own destiny."

Triumph





Asley Lockheart

"What do you say? Will the human race be run in a day. Or will someone save this planet we're playing on."

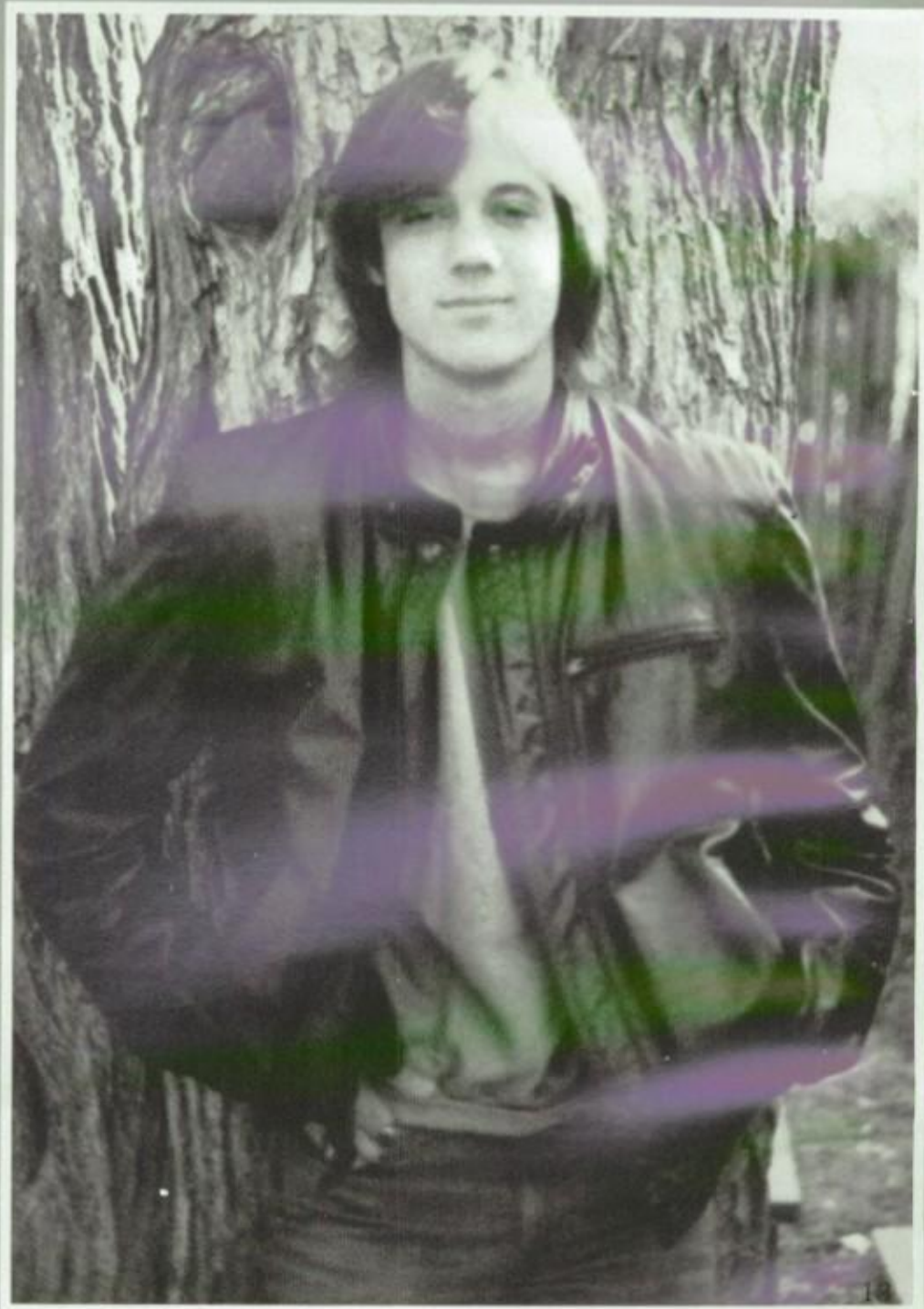
Rob Troy

"Running over the same old ground, have you found the same old fears old fears, wish you were here."
Pink Floyd





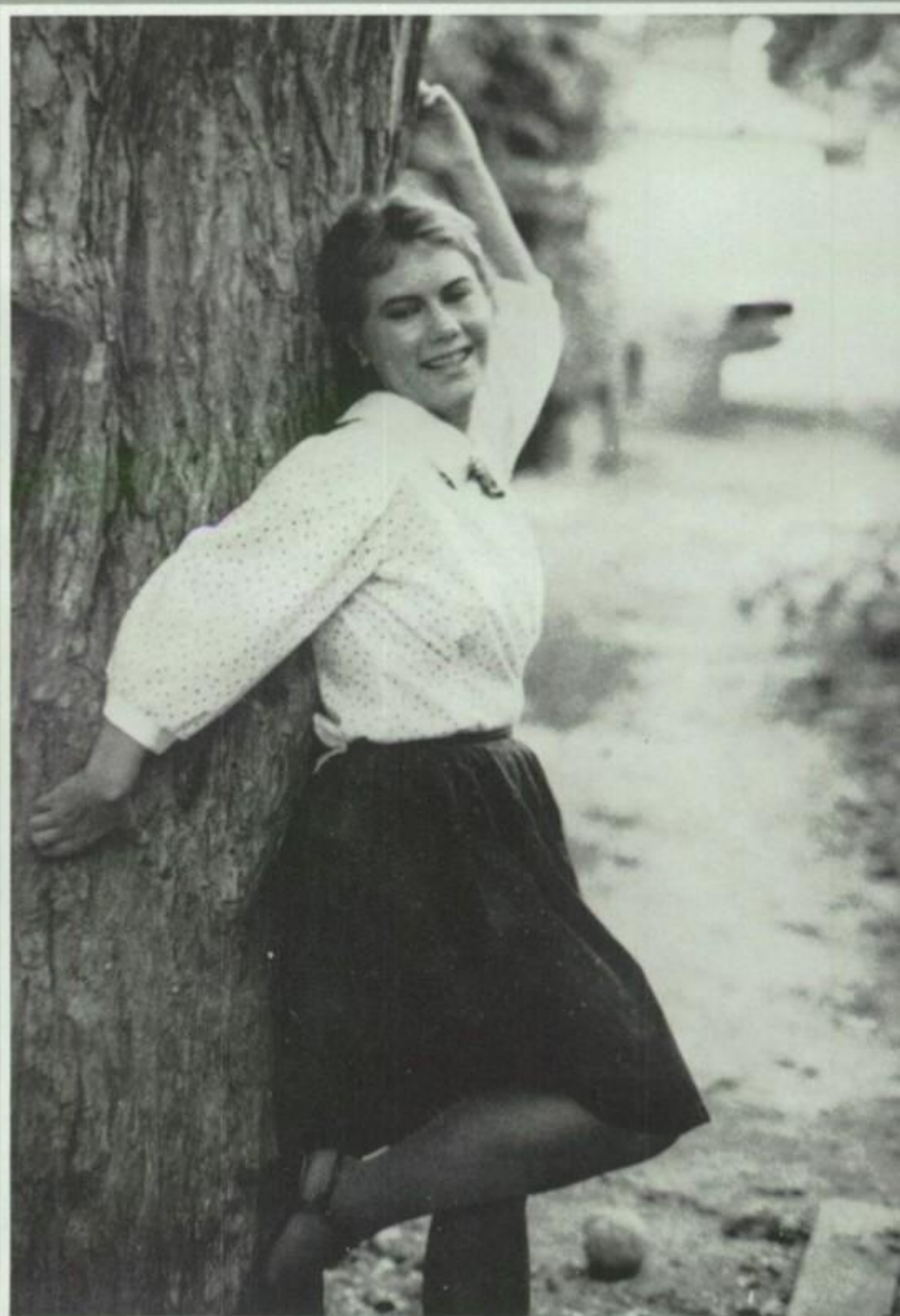
Keith Fletcher



Brian Gervais



Terri Barron



Sonda Vandever



Mark Doran

Julie Hanna

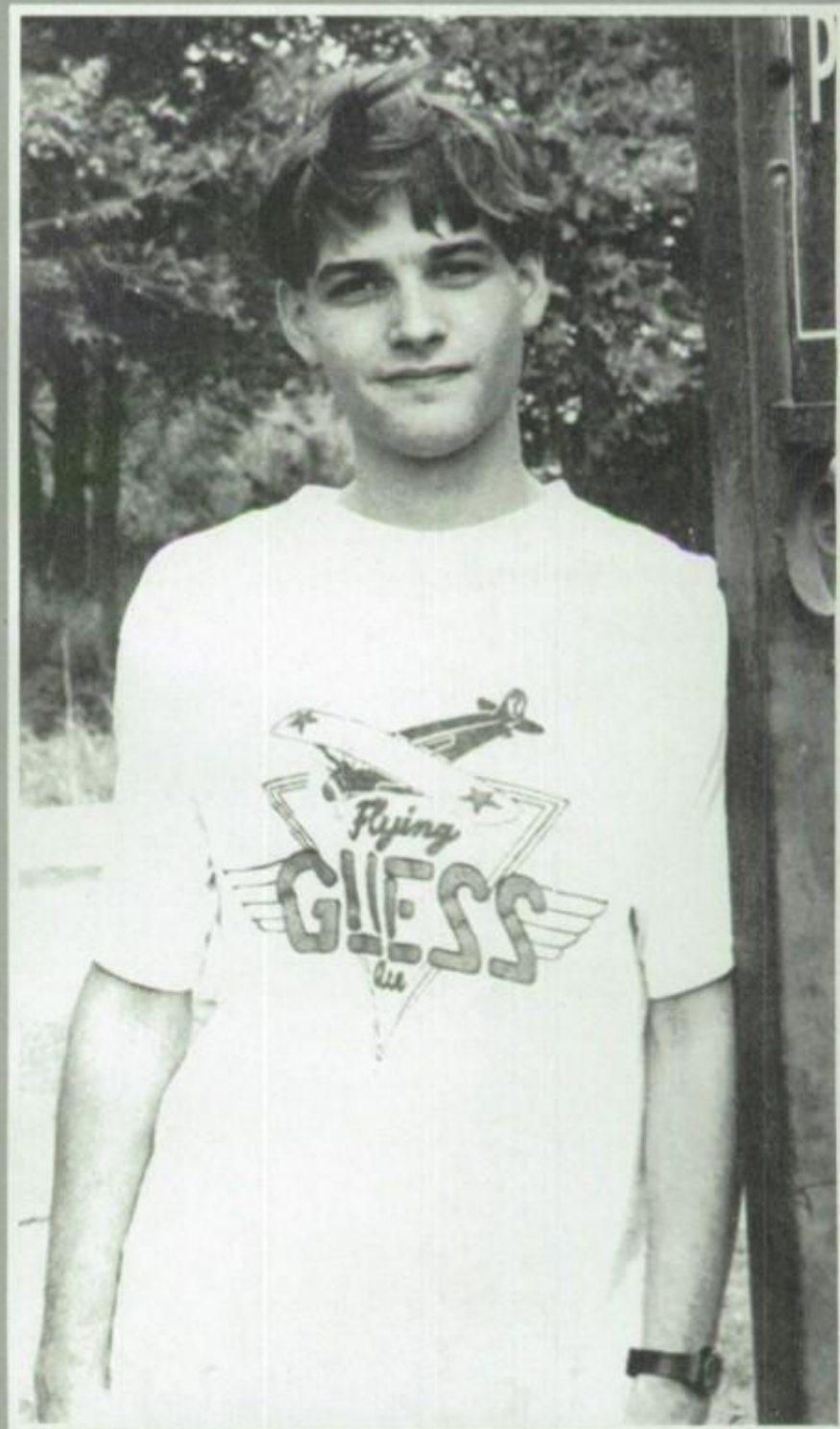
"So many people have come and gone. The faces fade as the years go by, yet I still recall as I walked alone, as clear as the sun in a summer sky."

Boston





Michelle Stepp



Dirk Carter



Lisa Wright

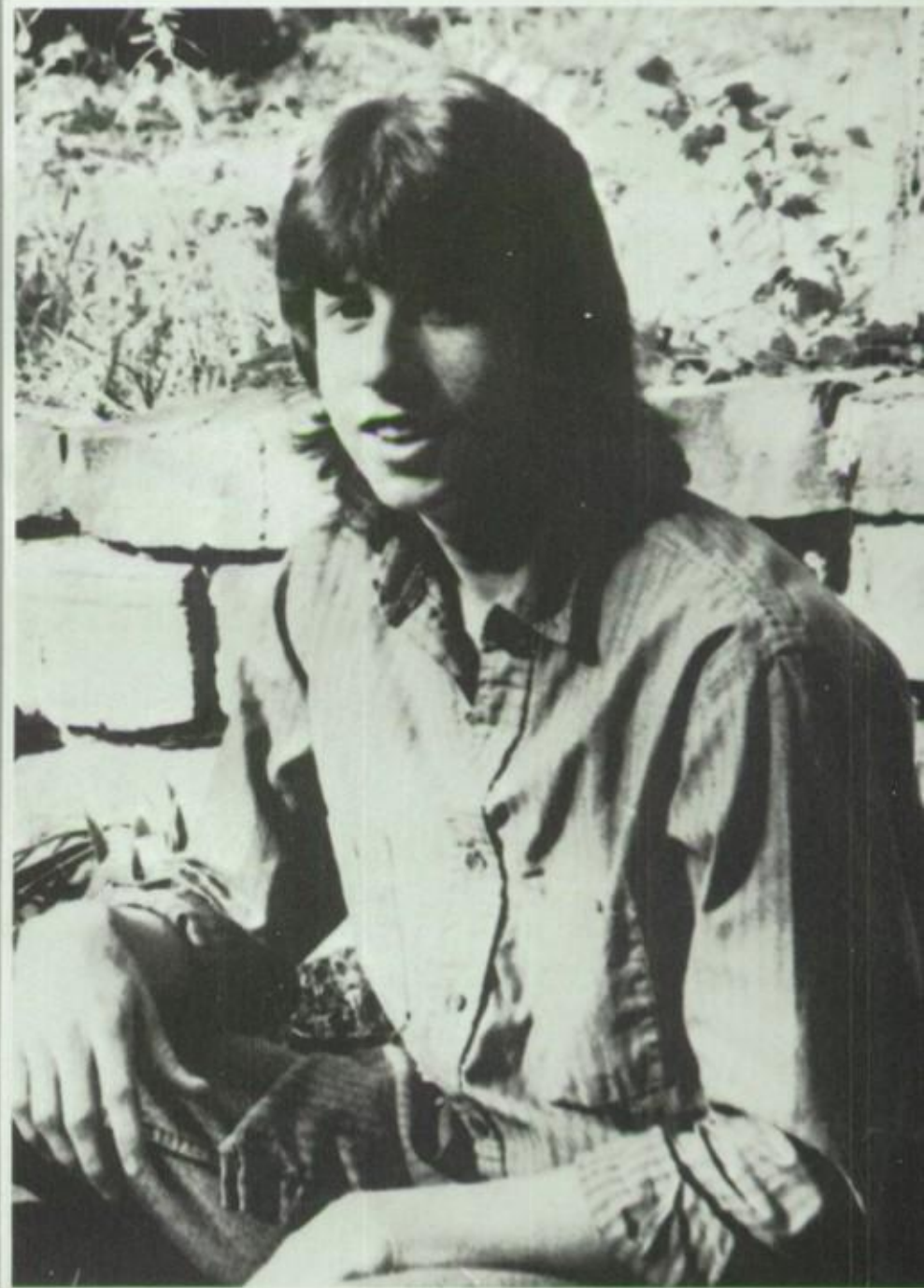
Kim Puskarich

"Long you live, high you fly.
Smiles you give and tears you cry,
all you touch and all you see,
is all your life will ever be."
Pink Floyd





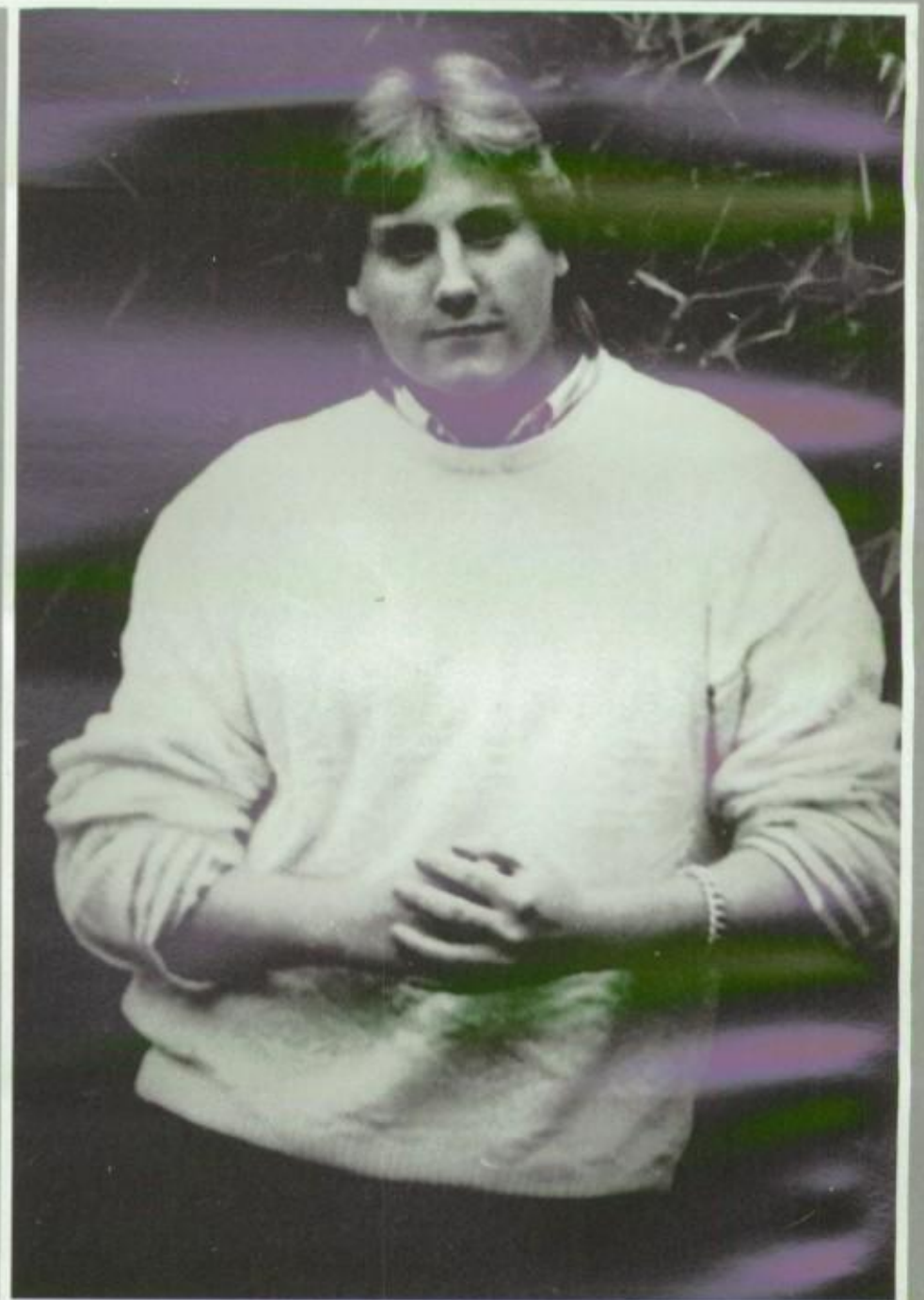
Lisa Tarasar



Kevin Fisher



Heather Carlton

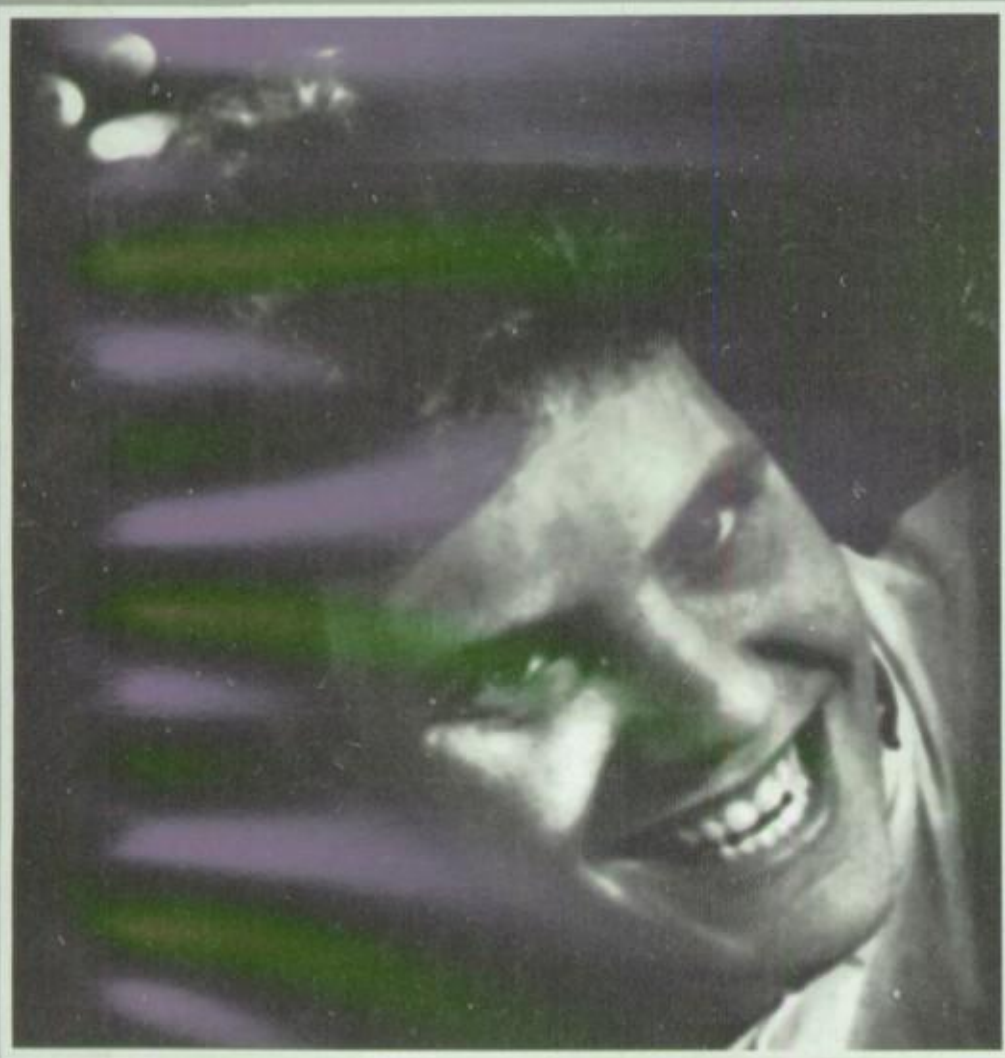


Leo Faubion

CLASS FAVORITES



Cutest Smile



Keith Fletcher

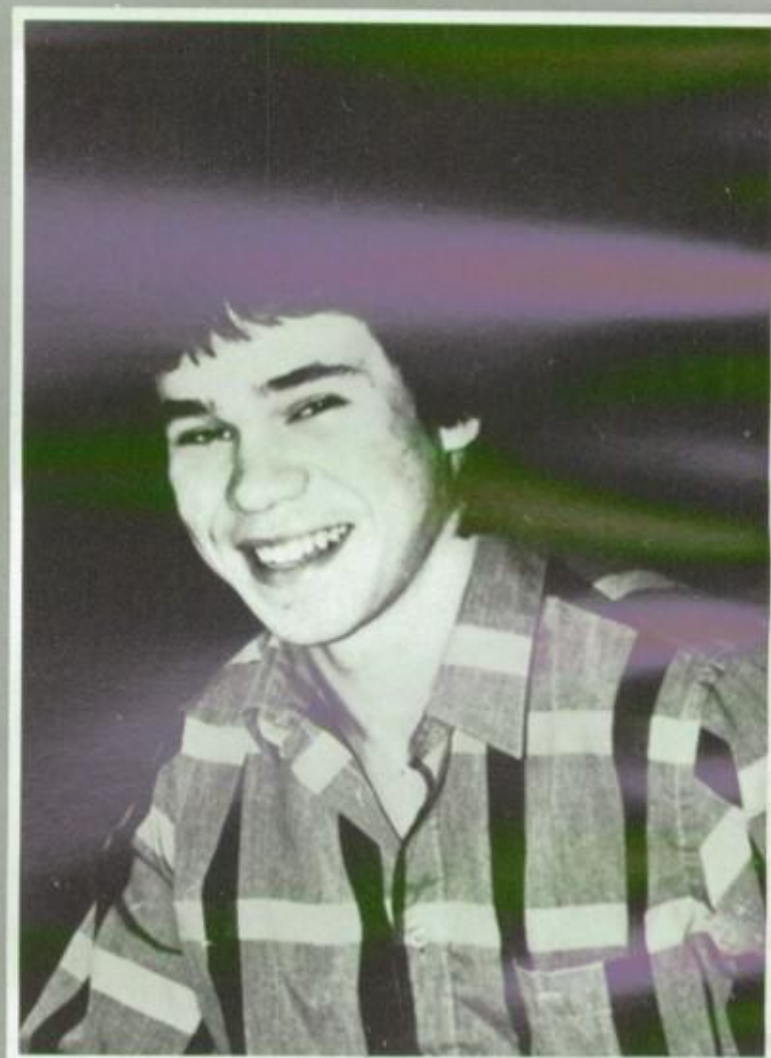


Kim Puskarich

Most Likely to Succeed



Tadlock Dwan and Terri Barron

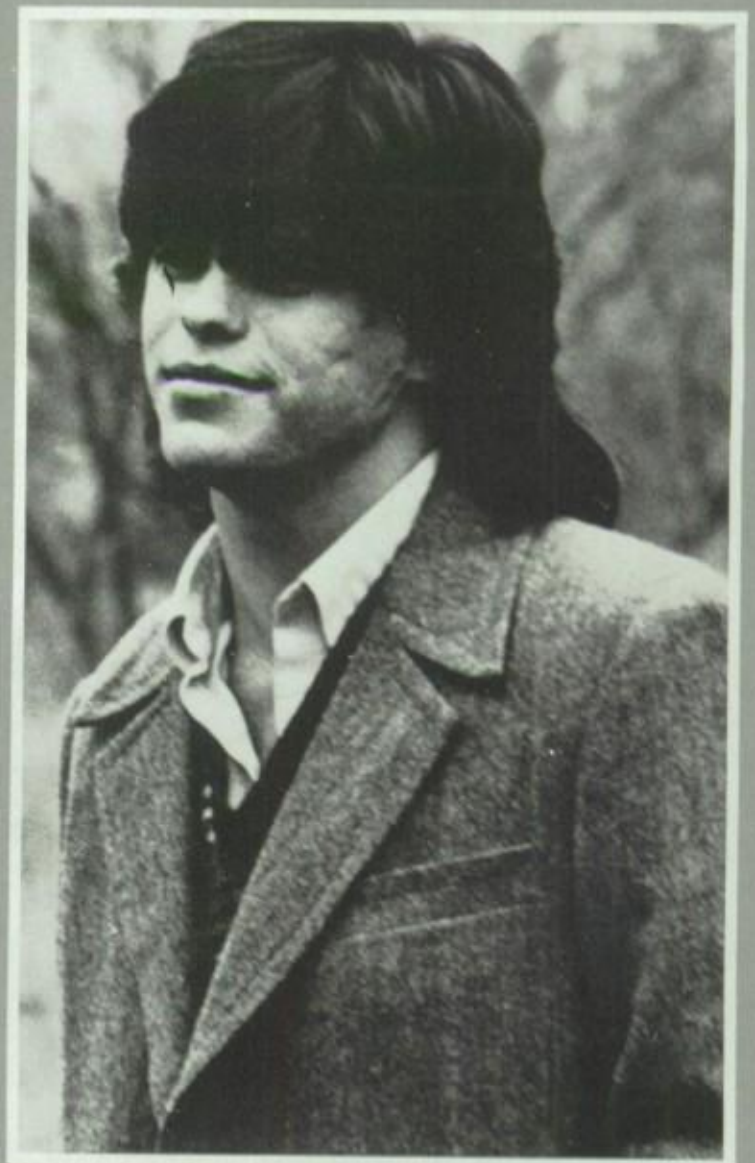




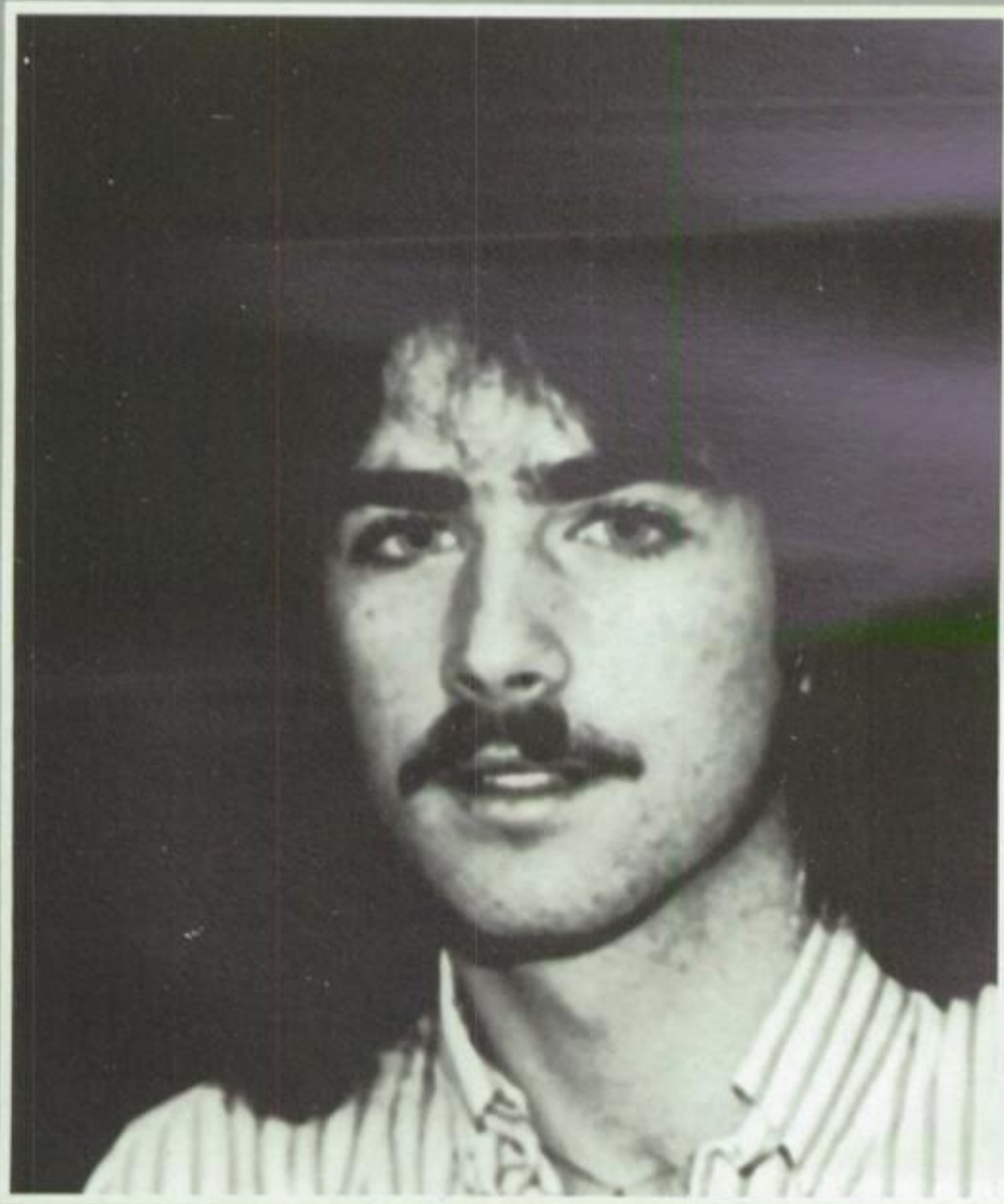
Friendliest

Lisa Tarasar

Mark Doran



Prettiest Eyes



Rob Troy



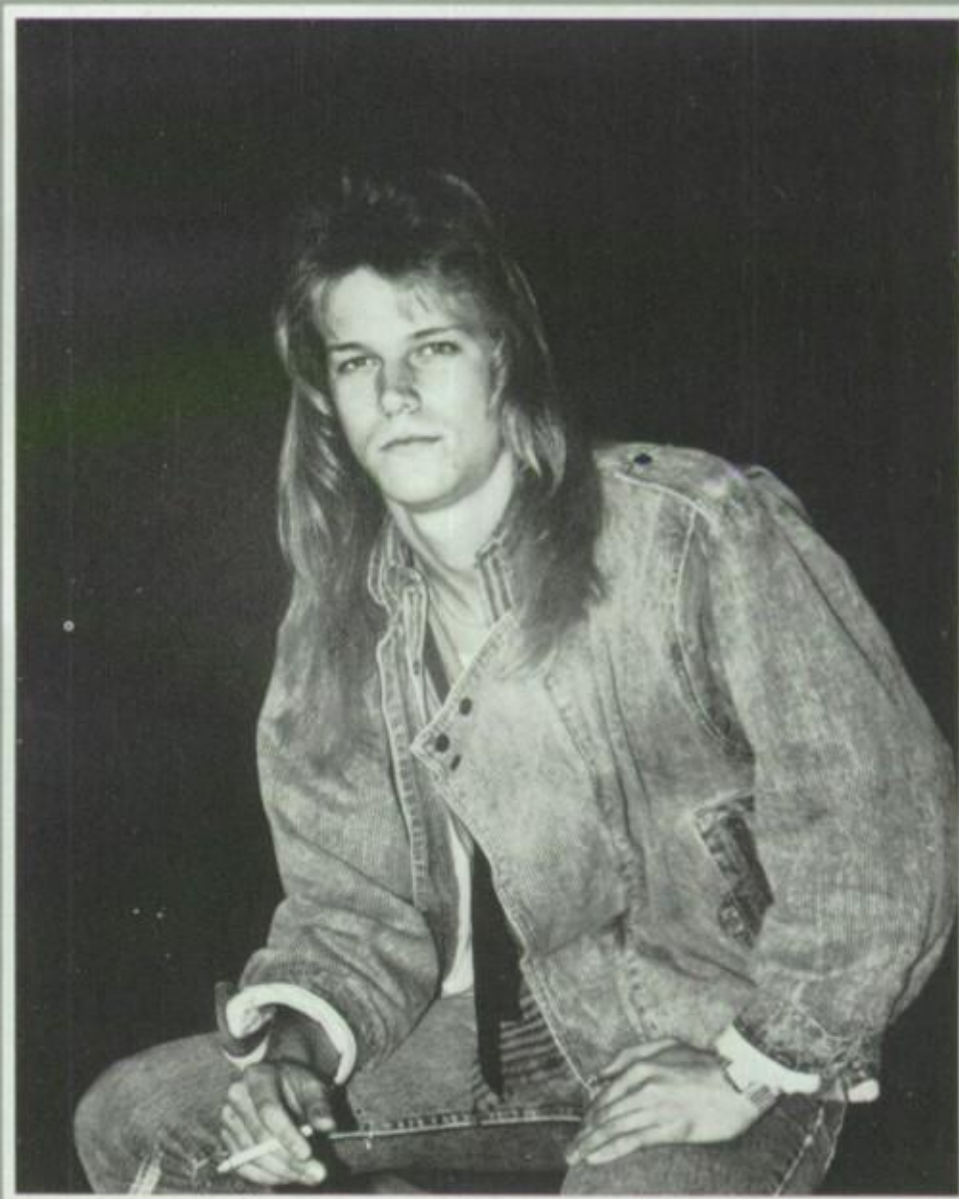
Amy Hicks



Best Looking



Michelle Stepp



Roger Nelson



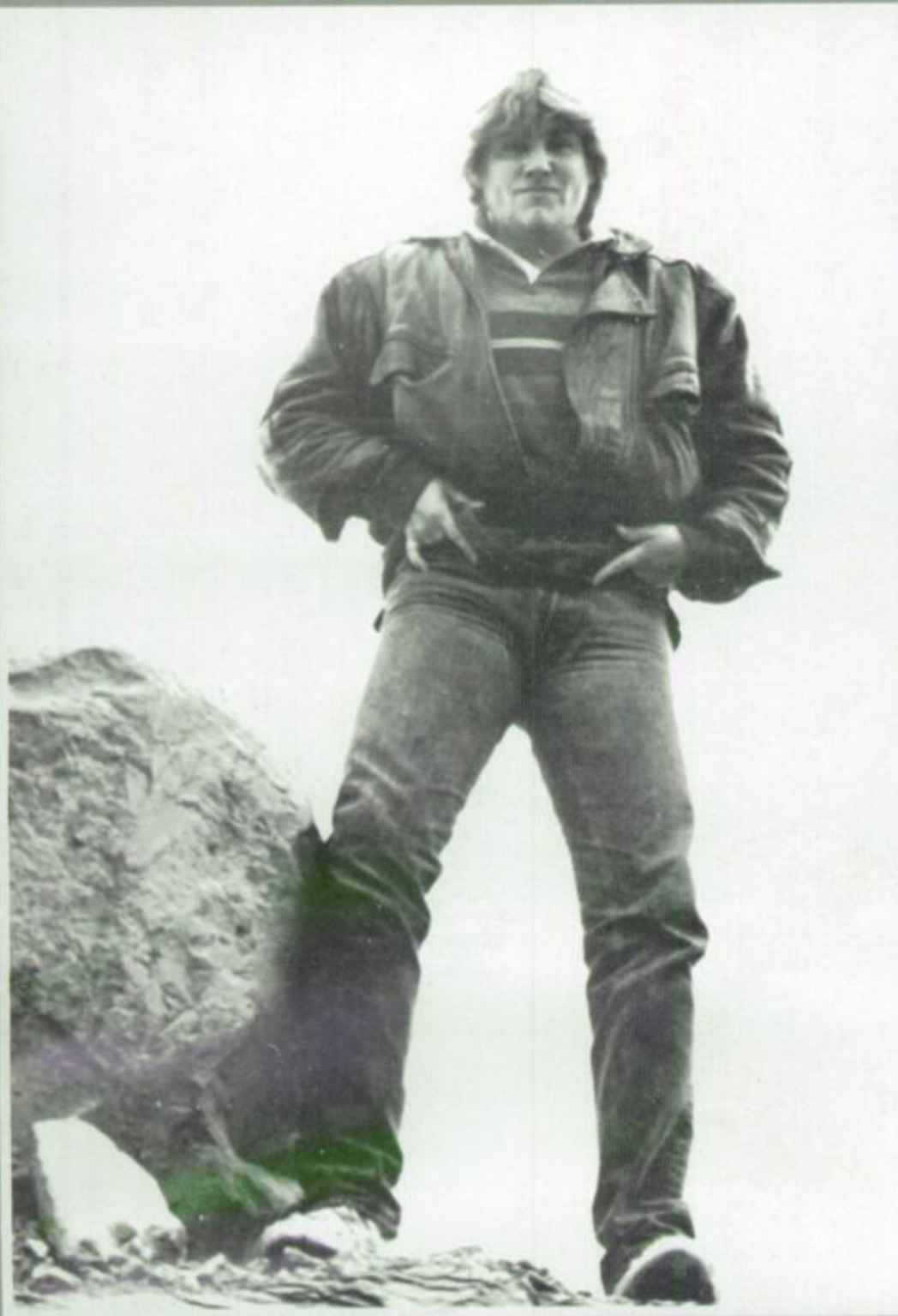
Most Metal Attire



Brian Dunn



Heather Carlton



Leo Faubion

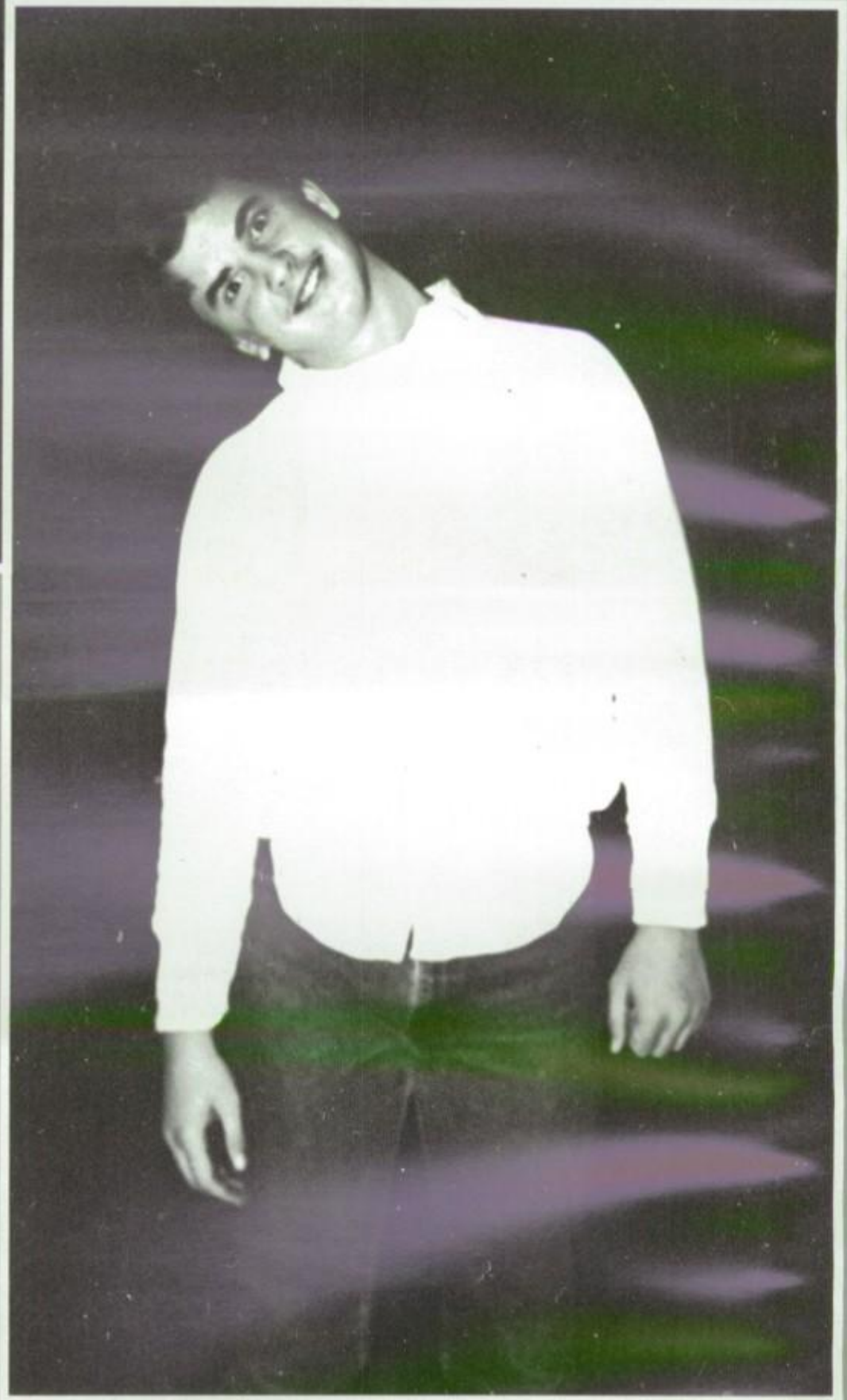
Class Clowns



Beth Drahouzal



Tiffanie Bruton



Chuck Kennedy



Best Dressed

Kelly LuBow
and
Brian Dunn



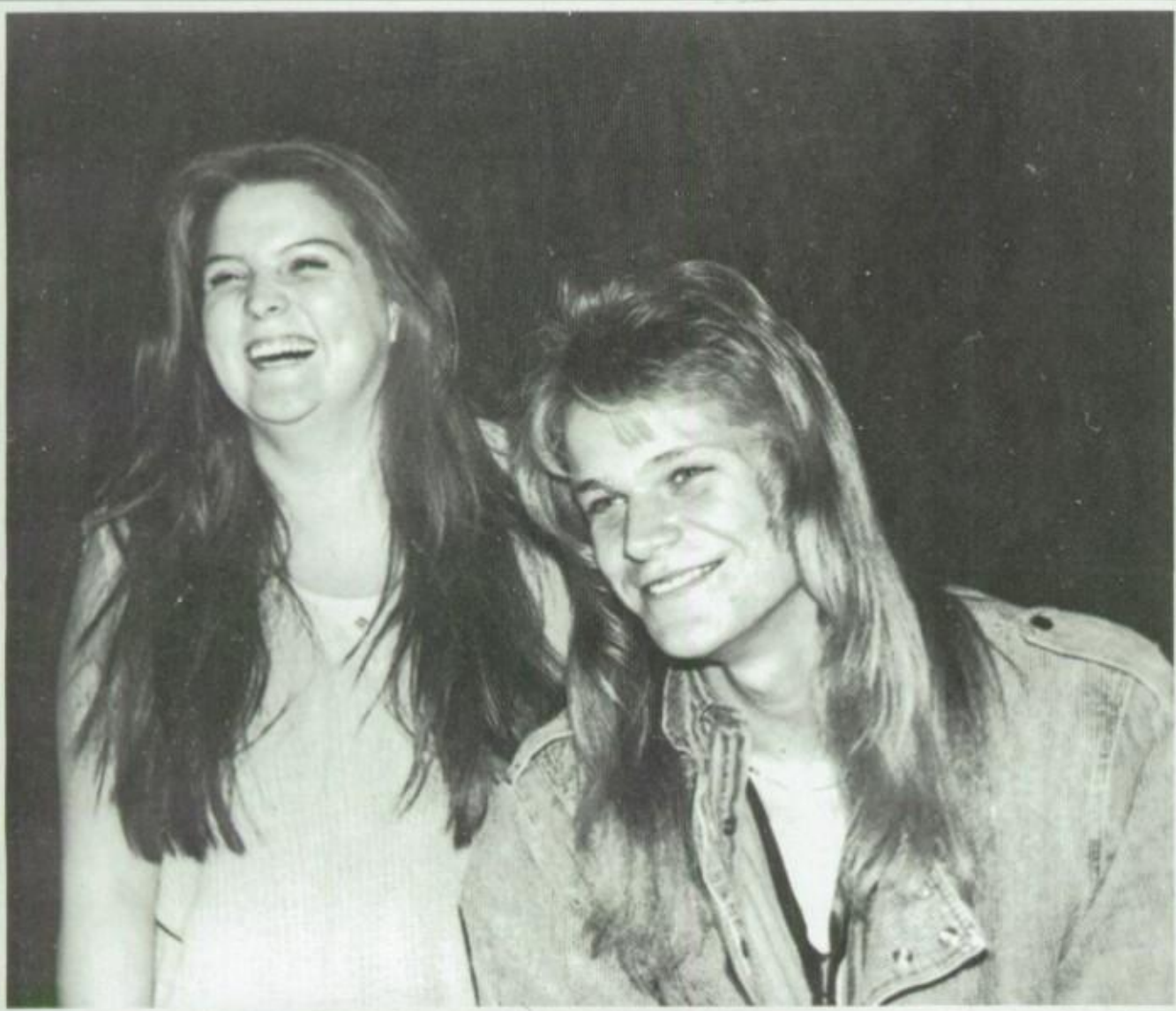


Amy Hicks

Most Bizarre

Ransom McLean

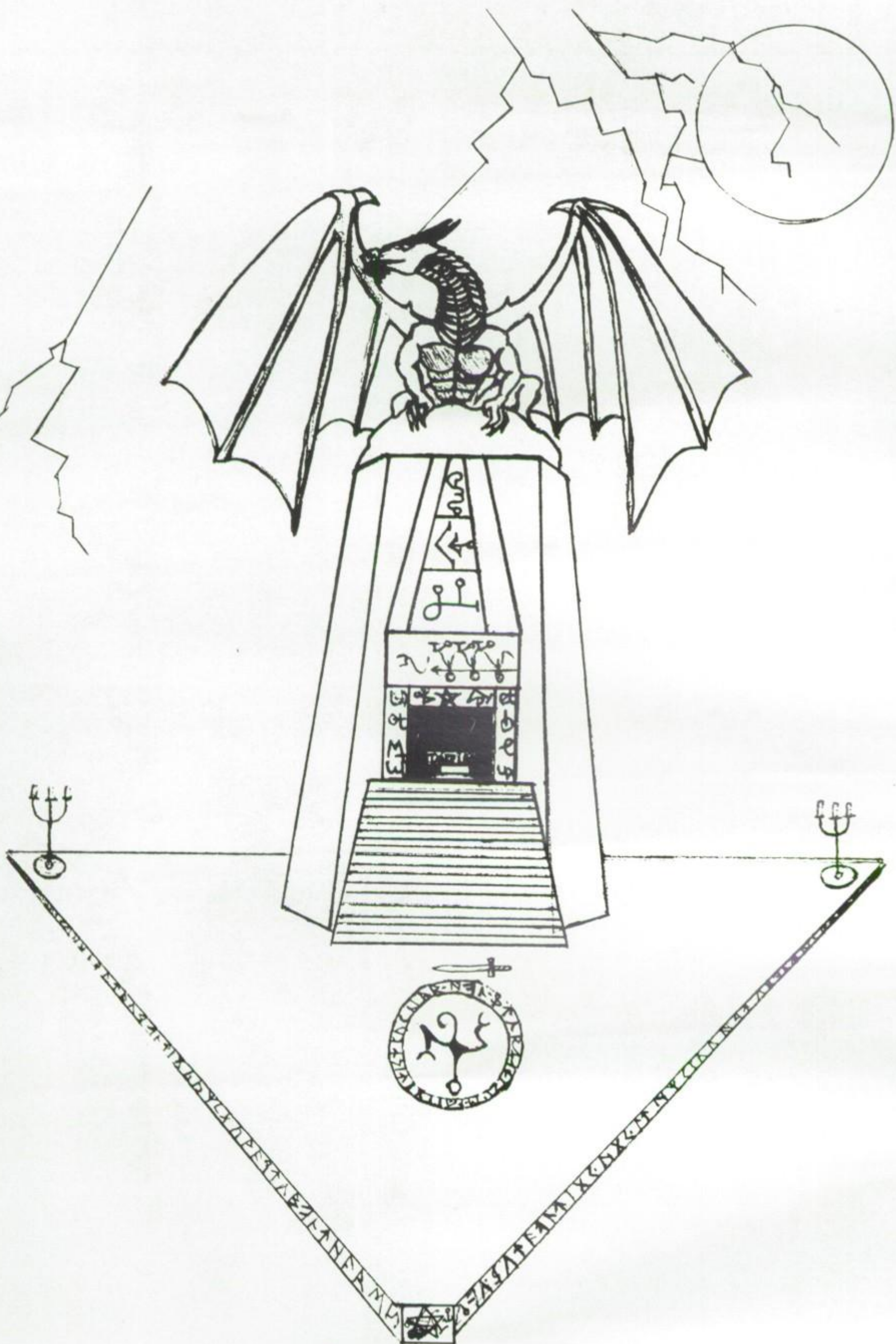




Prettiest Hair

Roger Nelson
and
Lisa Wright





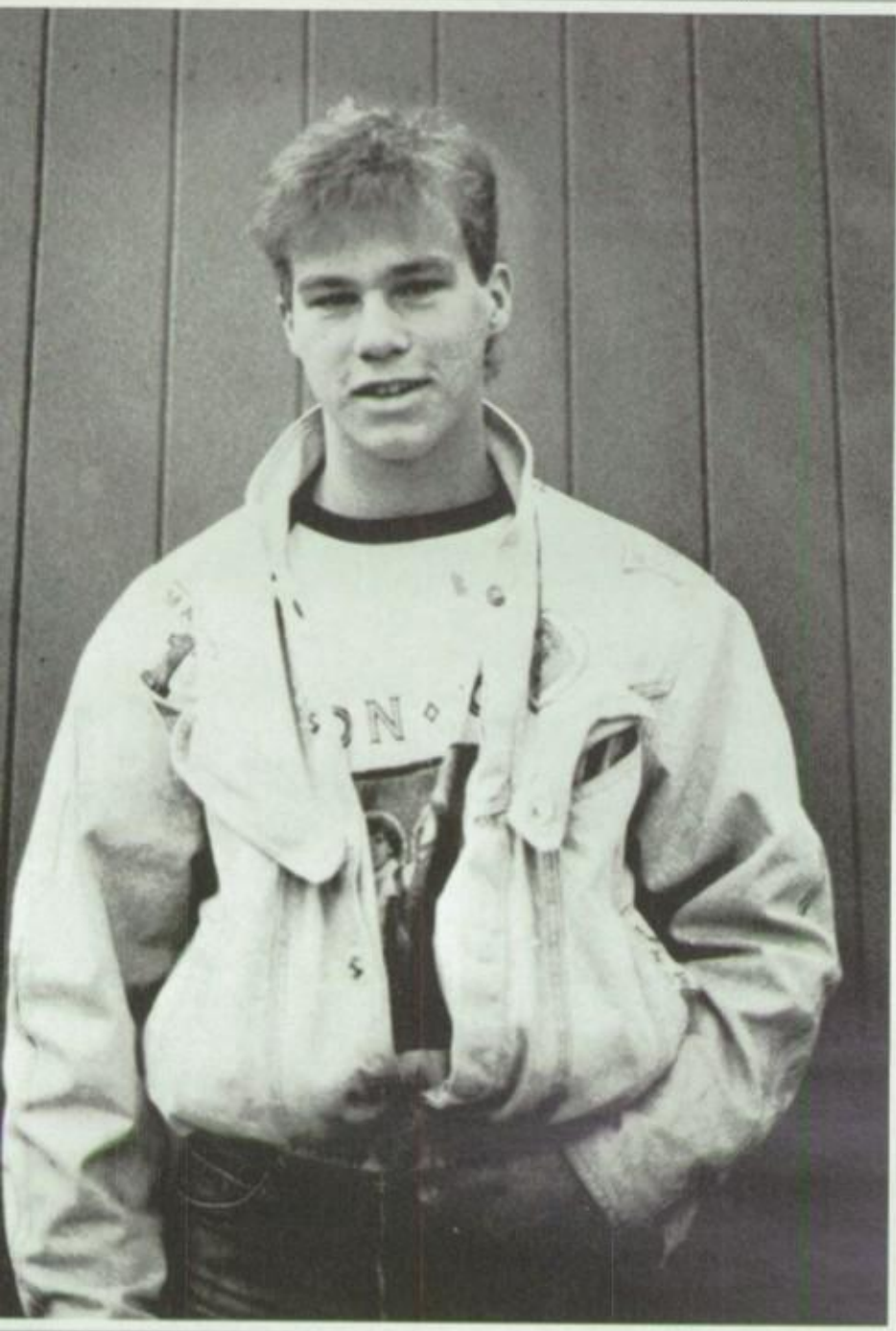
Underclassmen



Barbara Wilson



Chuck Kennedy



Brent Ankney



Lynn Brink



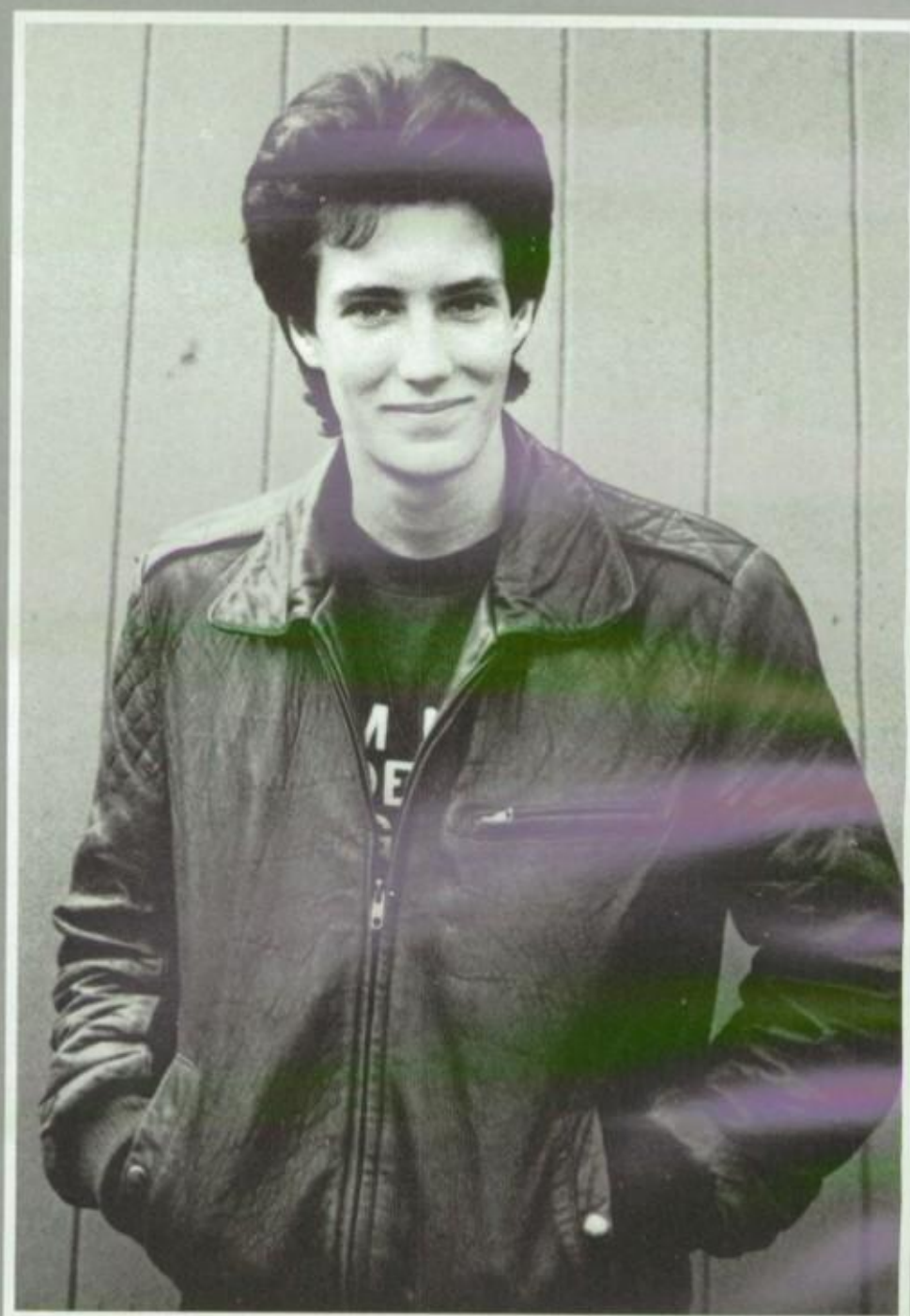
Jason Branch



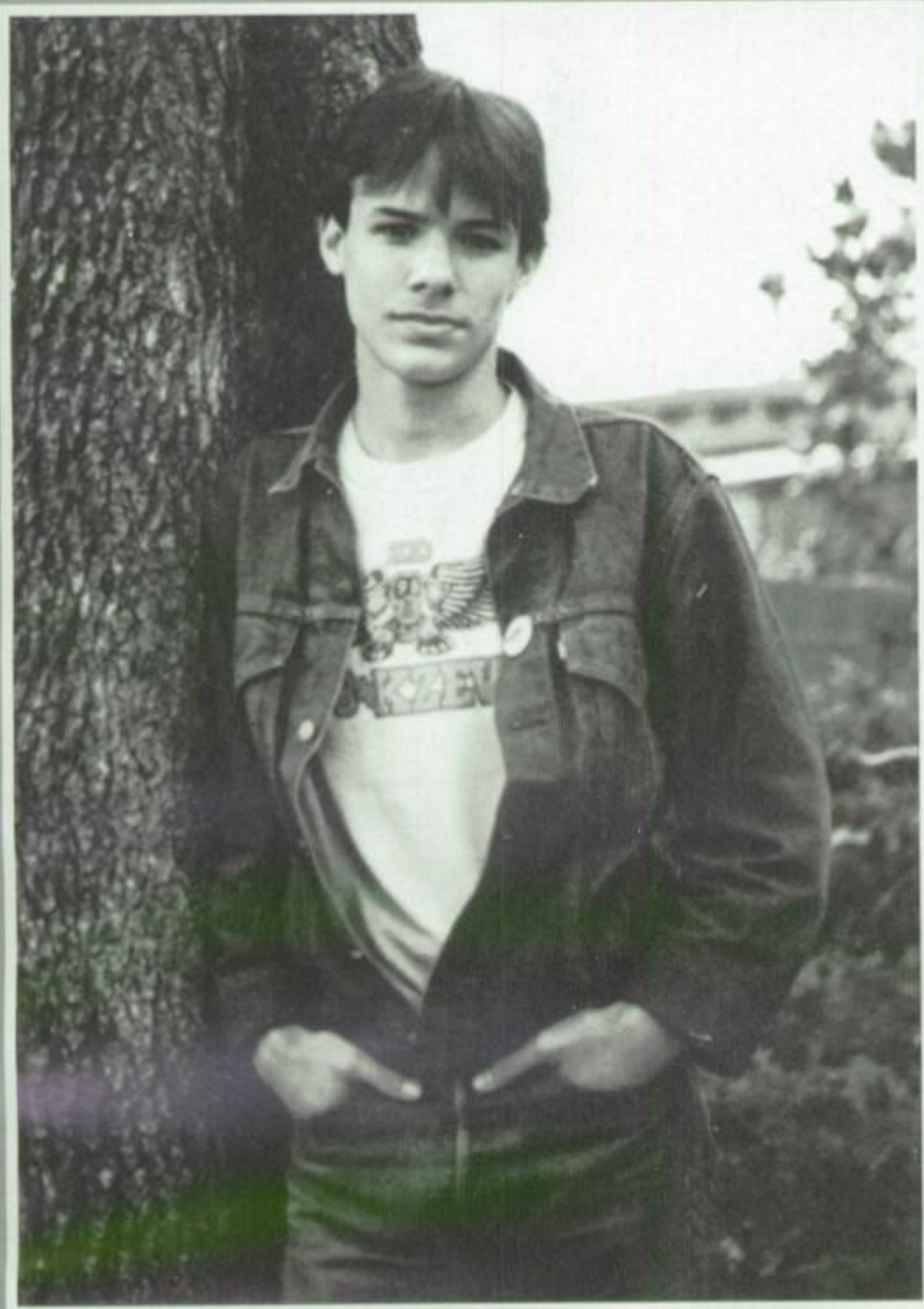
Tiffanie Bruton



Matt Daniels



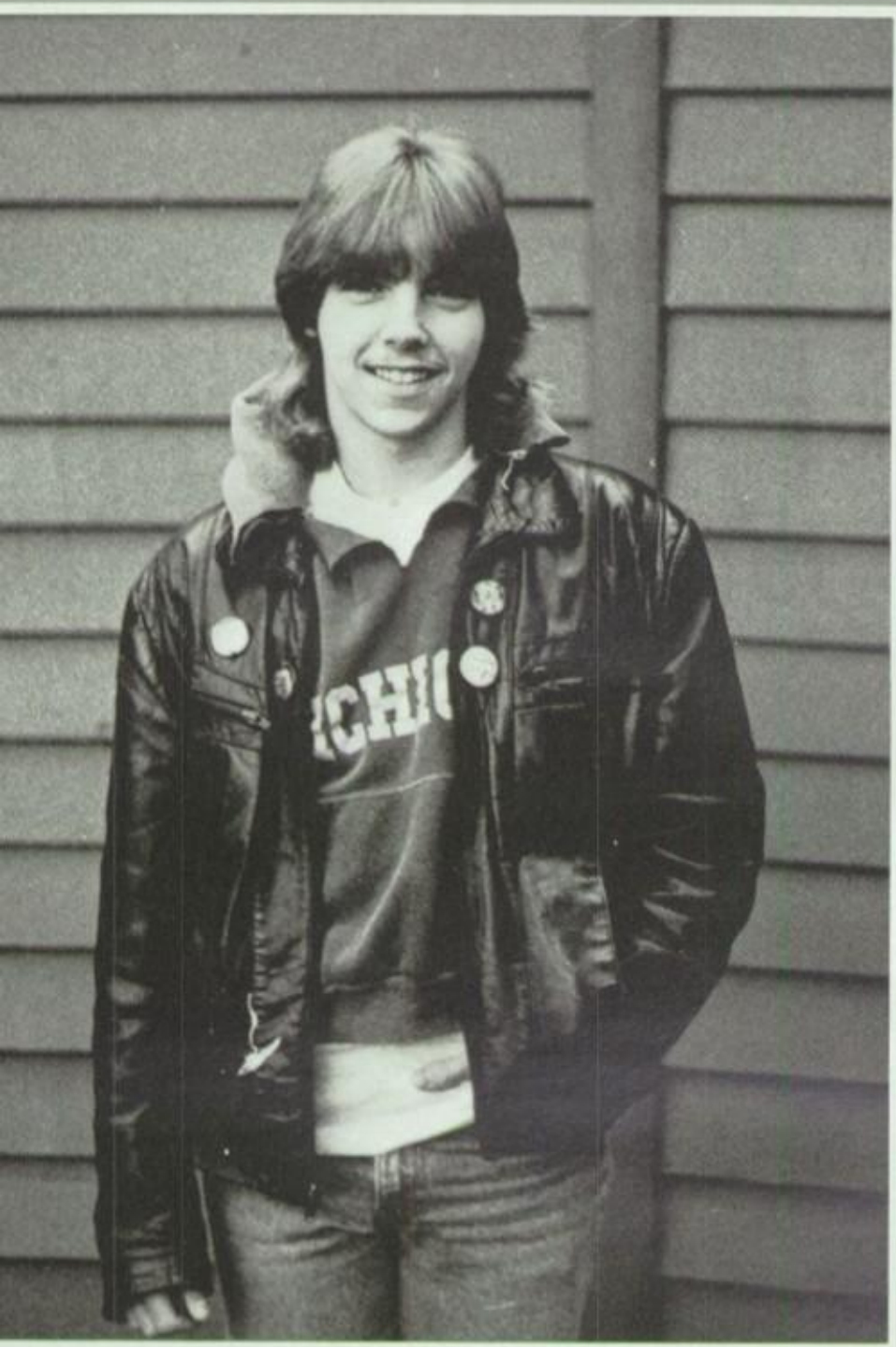
Ransom McLean



Chris Gabbert



Wendy Frost



Greg Gaskill



Allison Good



Amy Hicks



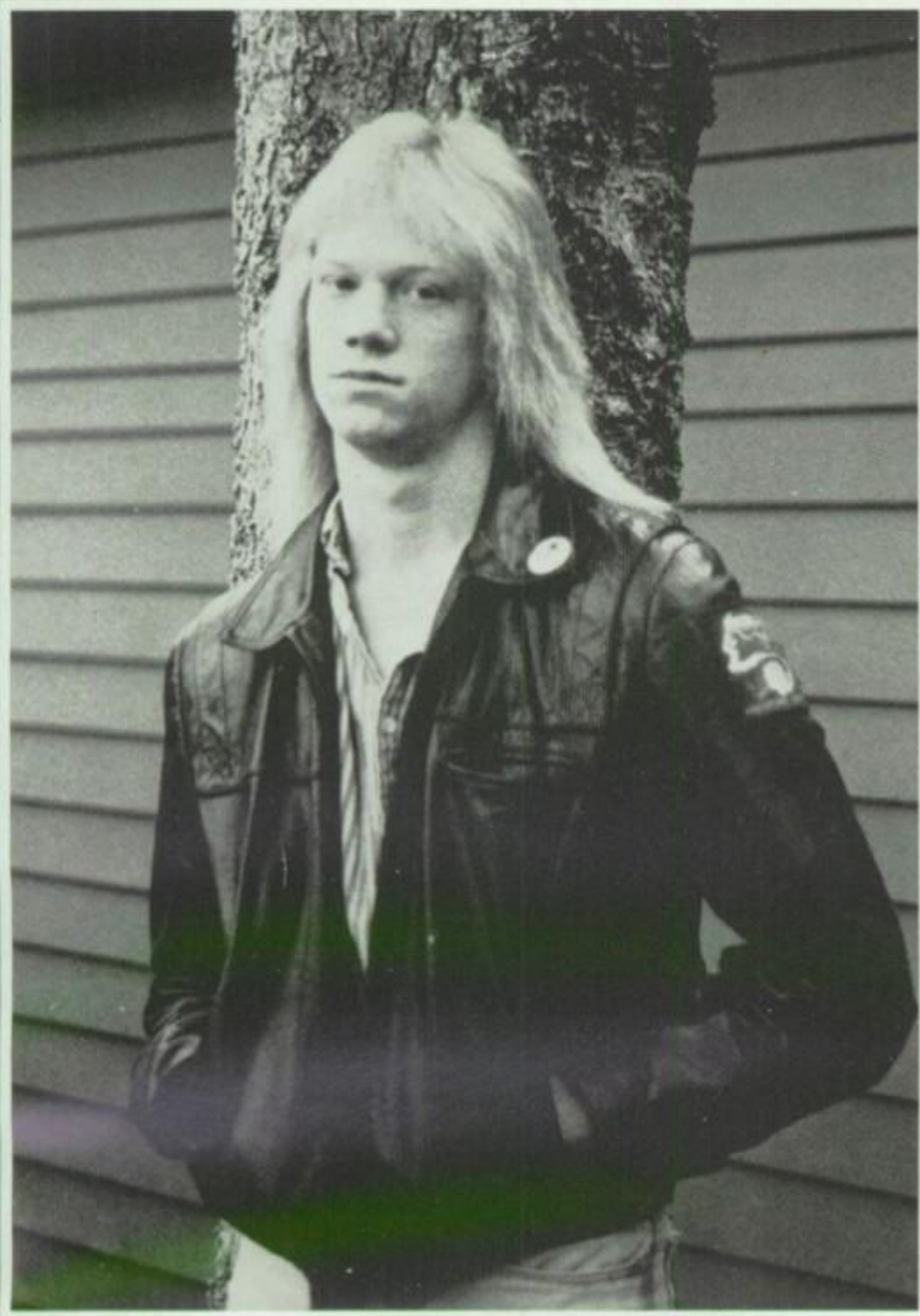
Jason Grogan



Kiki Hilliard



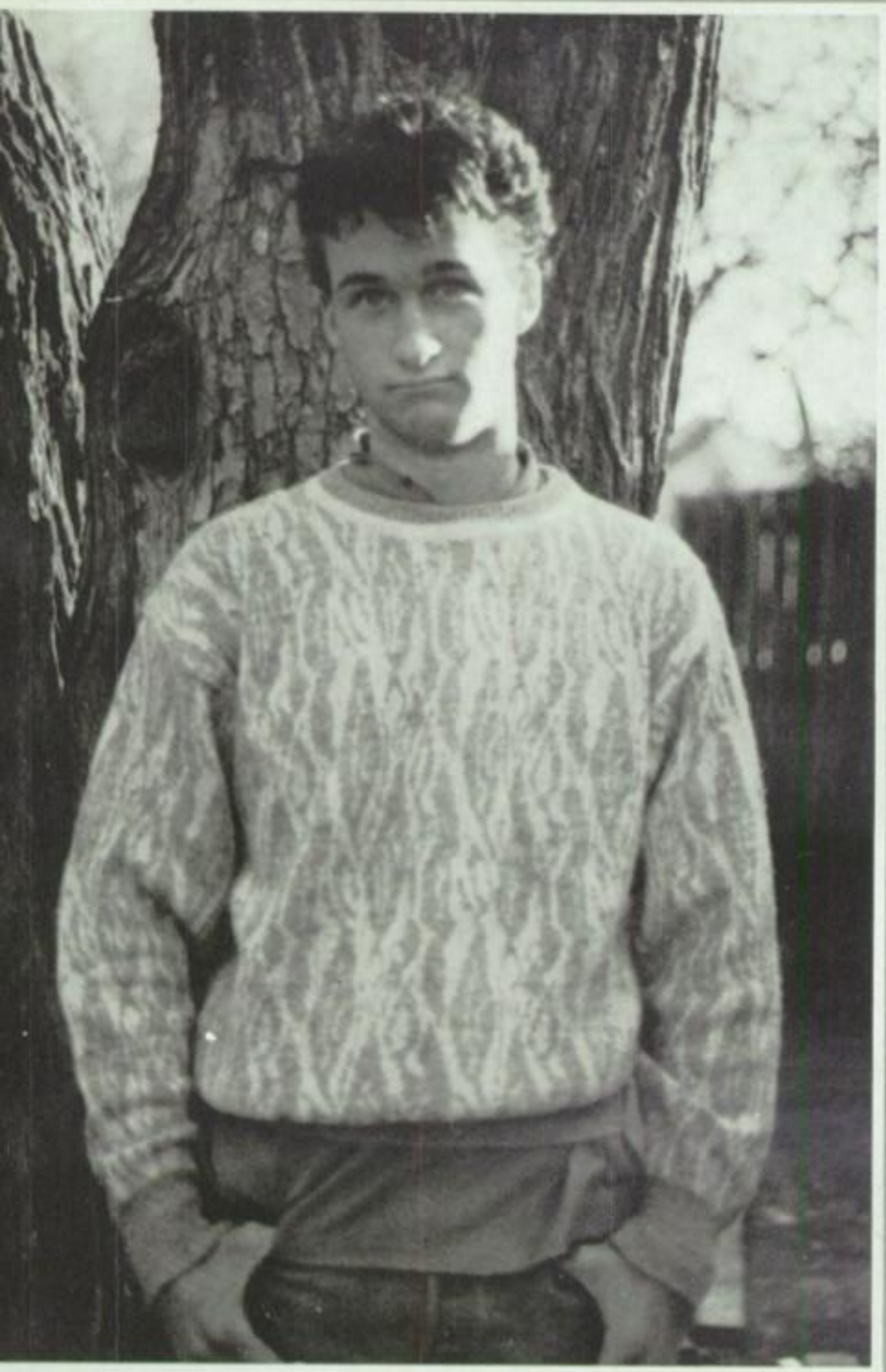
Brian Hodges



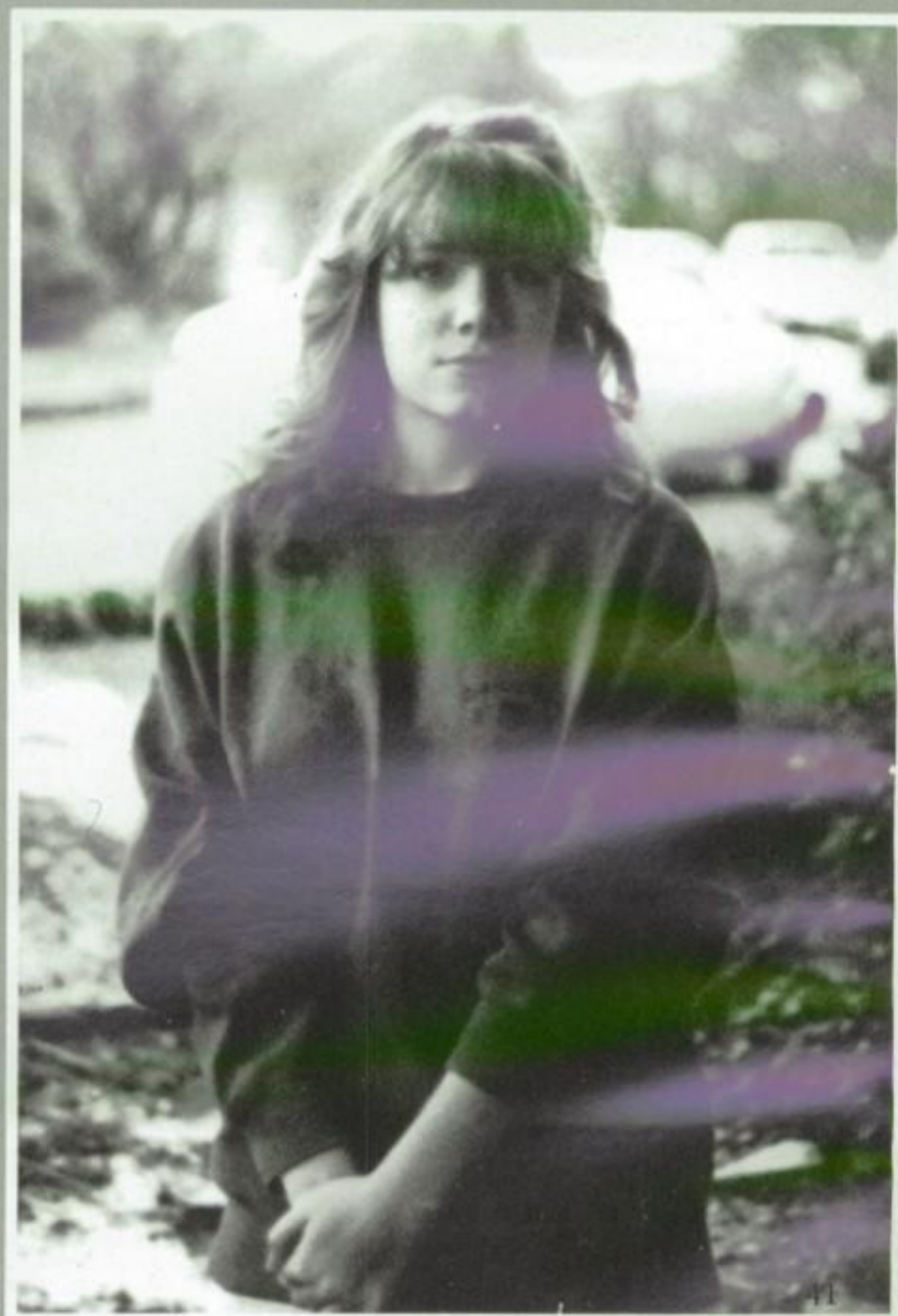
Vernon Husky



Andy Howell



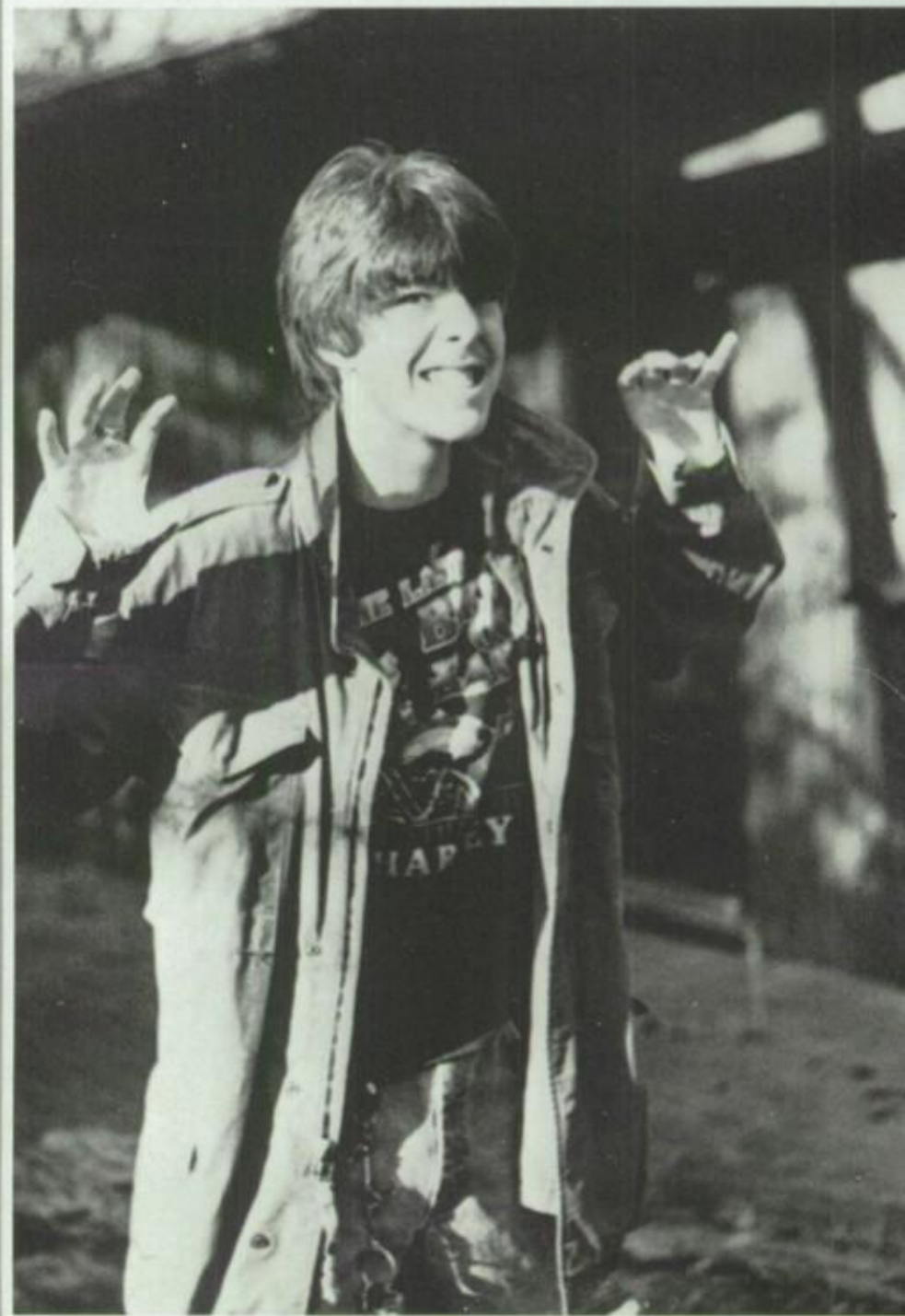
Alan Konecney



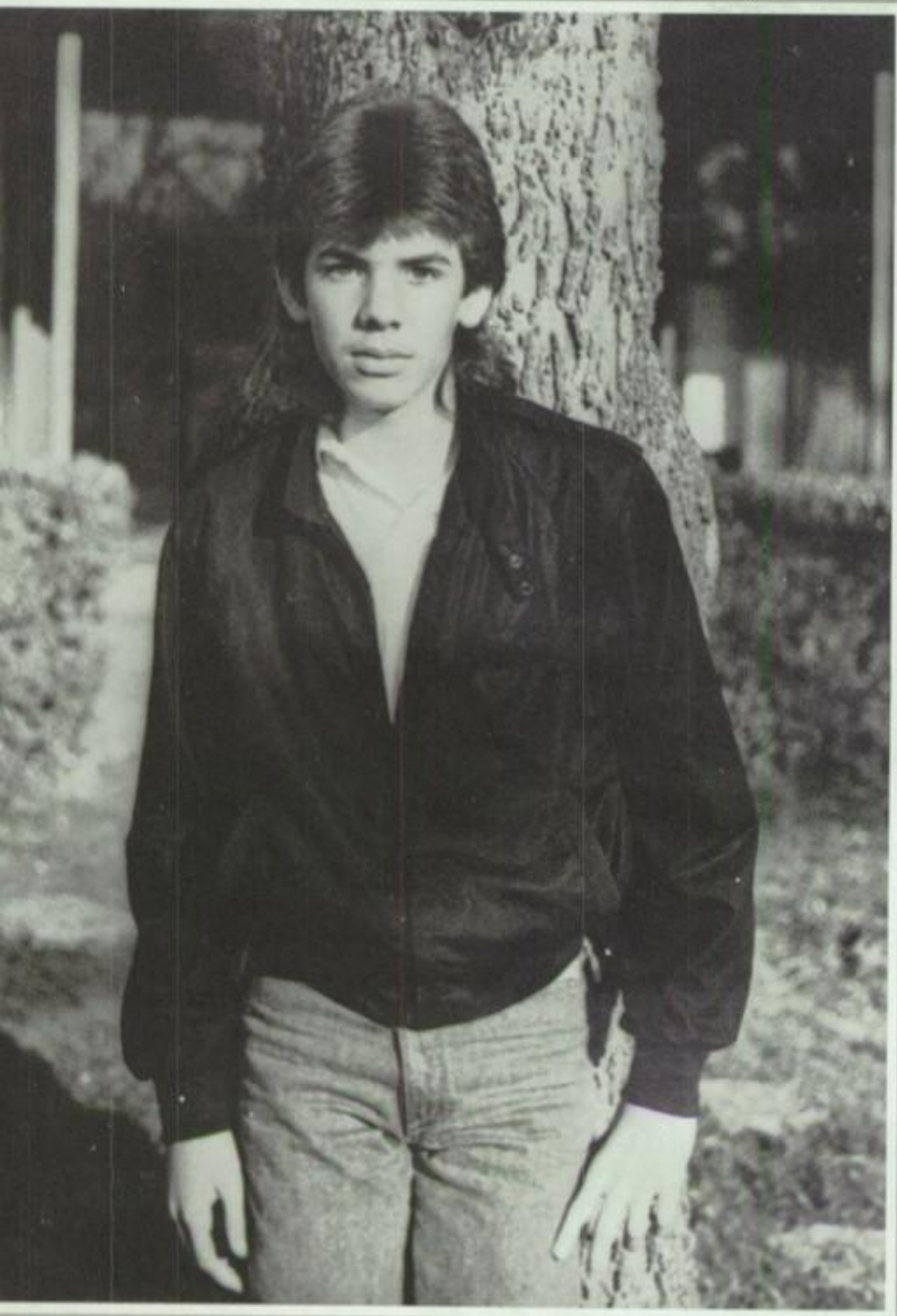
Stephanie Kerr



Kelly LuBow



John Krupa



Ryan Matney



Tina McClintock



Ernie Stoneman



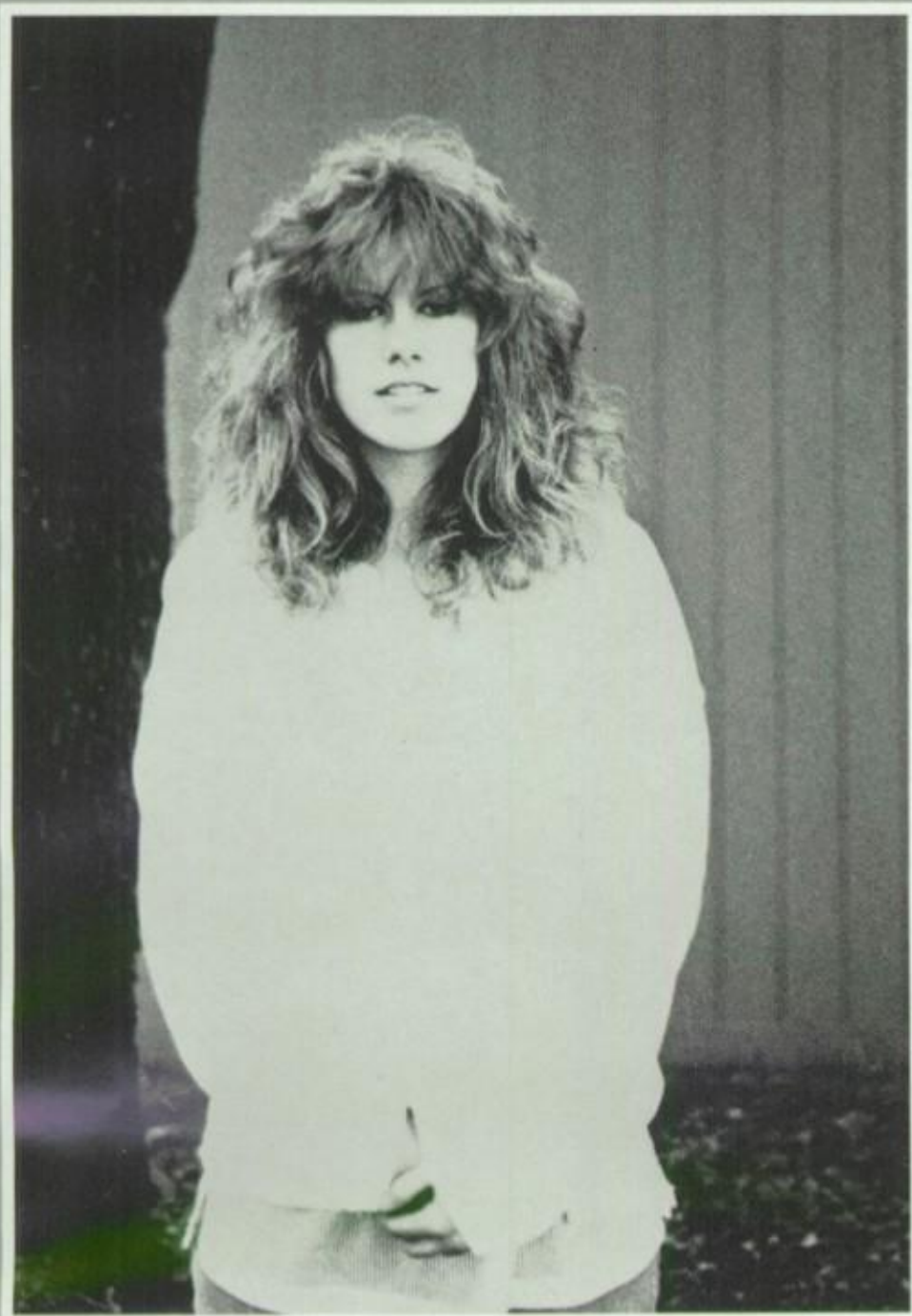
Todd Johnson



Greg Vaughn



Neil Fisher



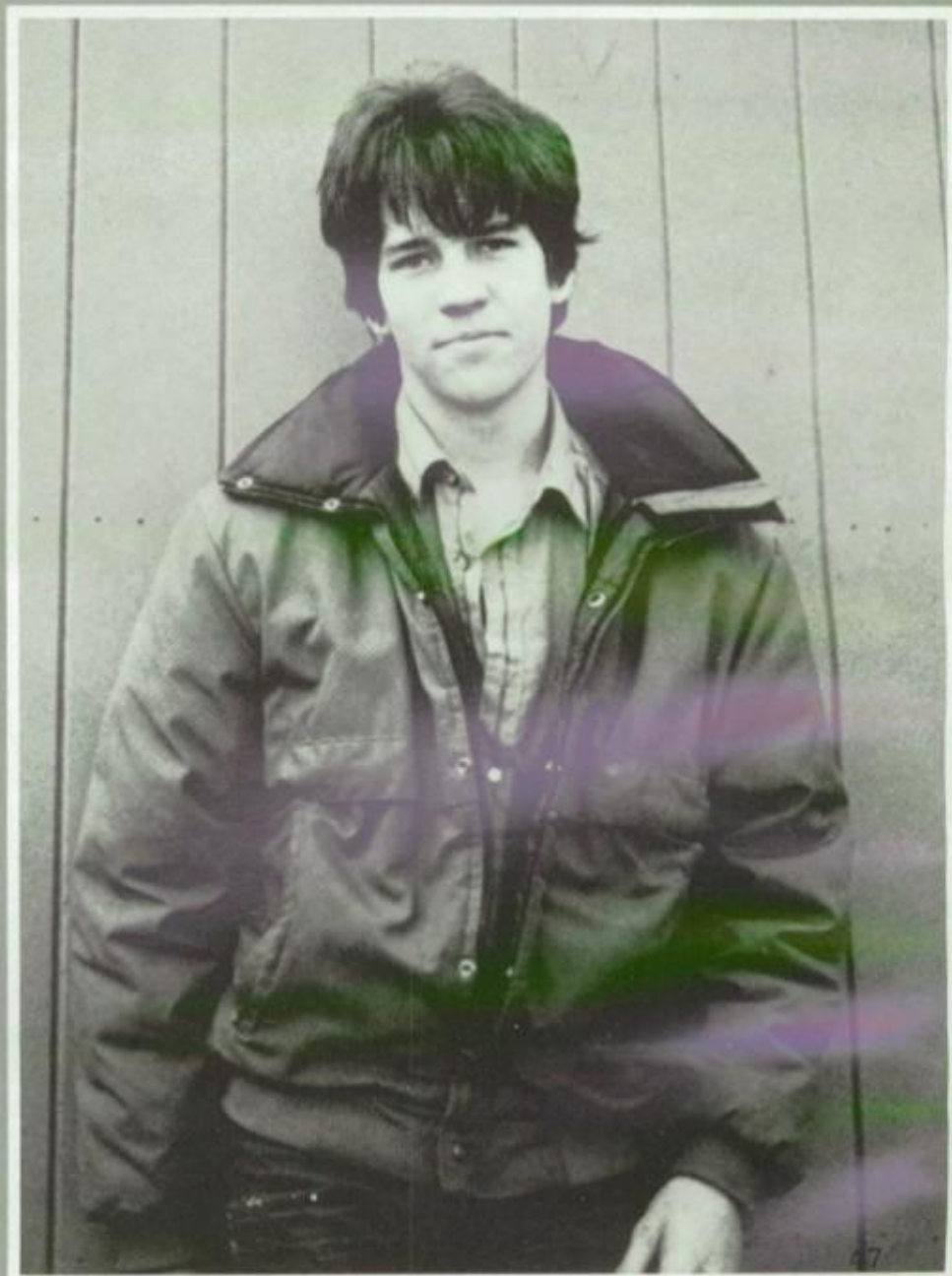
Katie Vandever



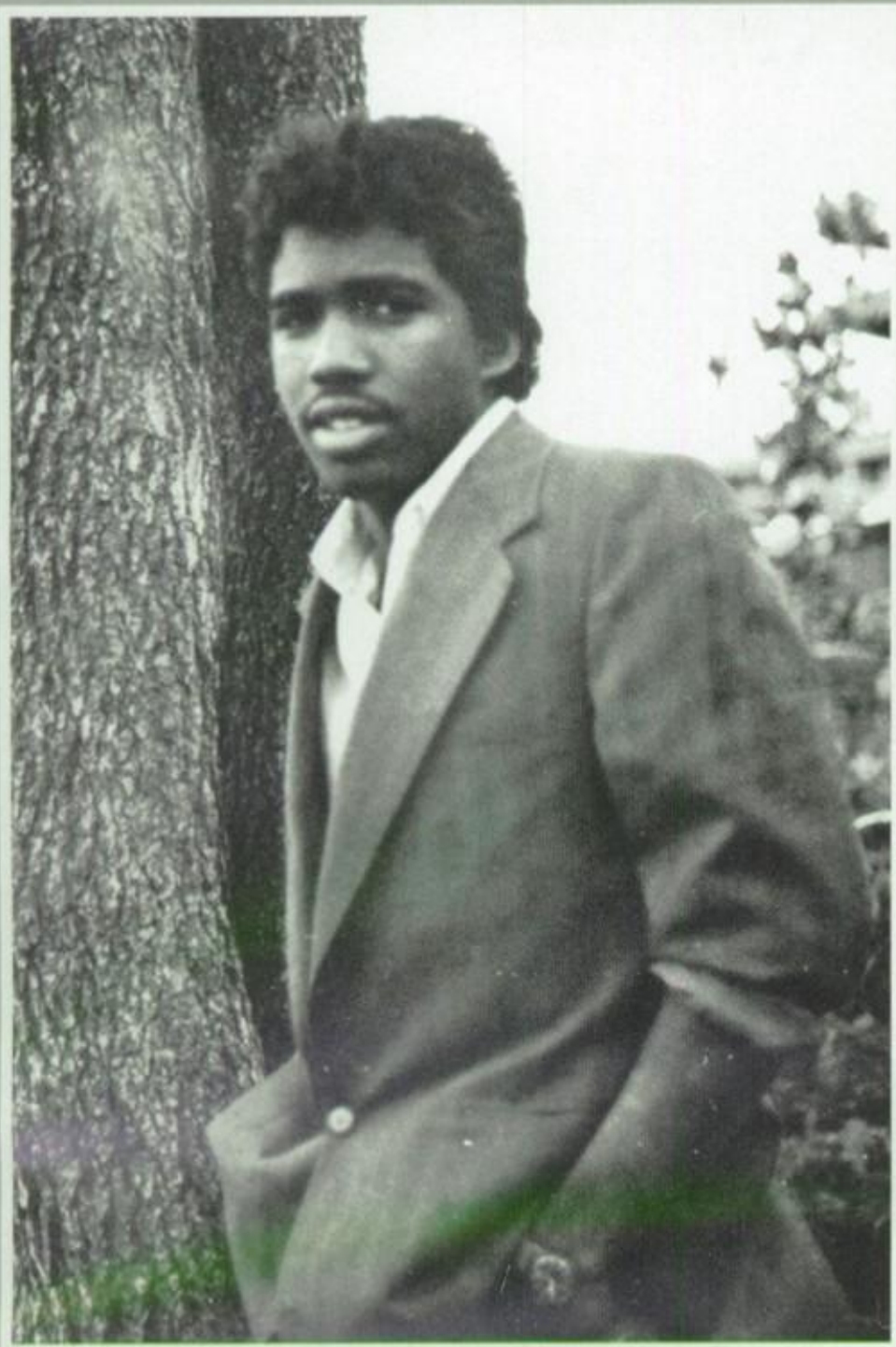
Marshall Umpstat



Katie Mundell



Chris Scarborough



Zack Reynolds



Beth Drahovzal



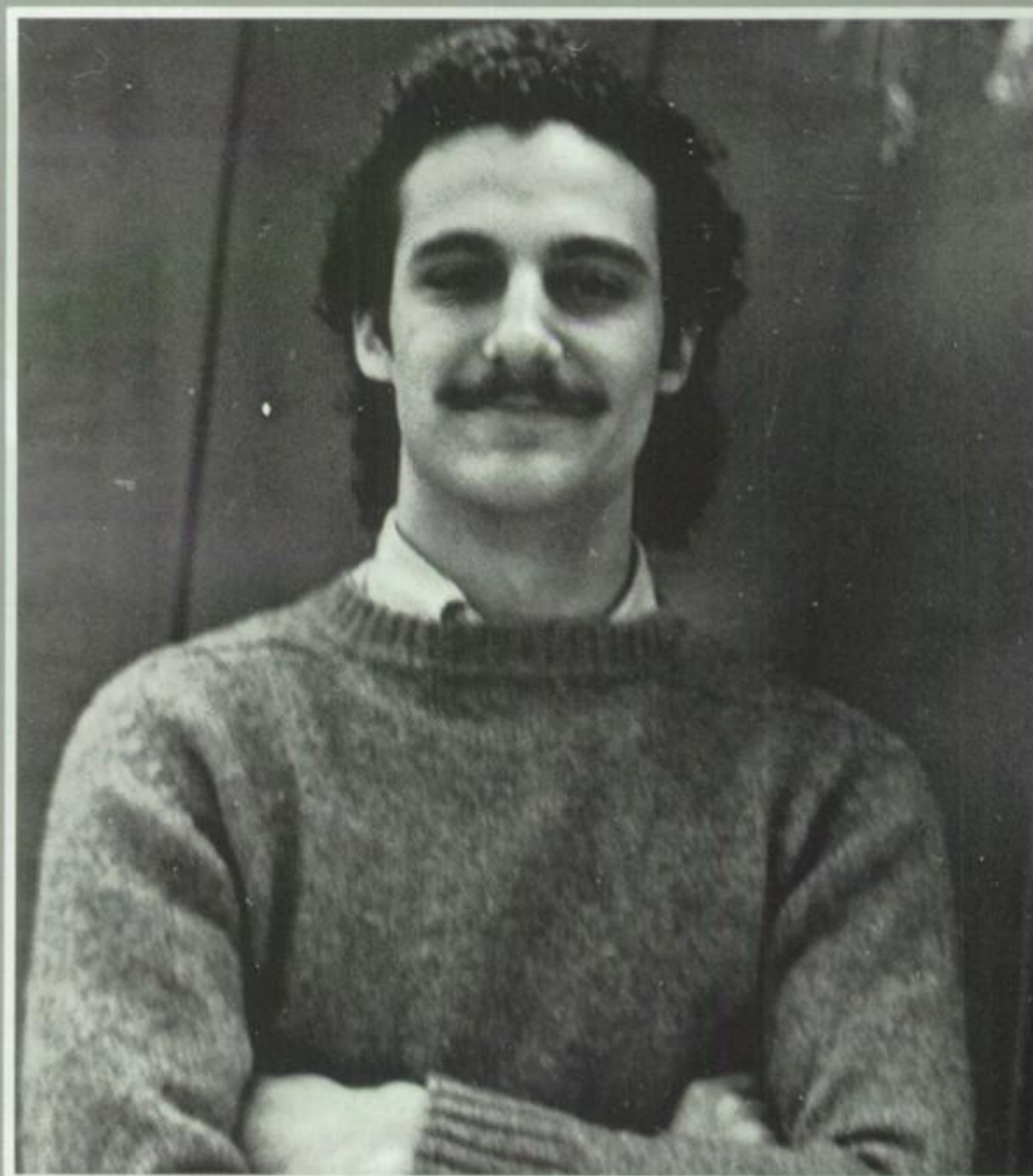
Tadlock Dwan



Steve Hargrove



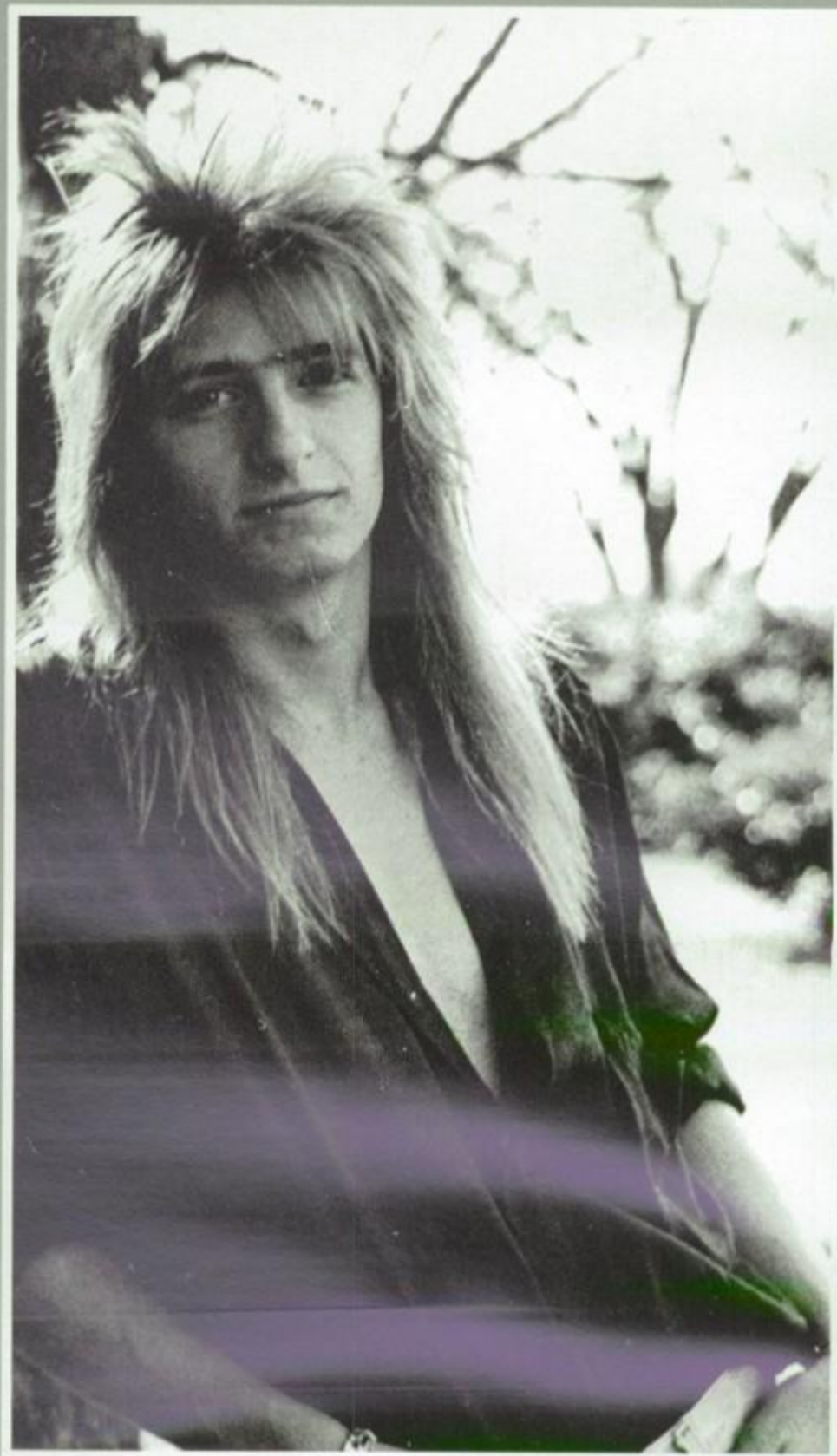
Lisa Wickle



David Putter



Ross Craig



Brian Dunn

**Some Seniors
We
Almost Forgot**

"Some are born to move the world,
to live their fantasies.
But others just dream about
the things they'd like to be."

Rush

"These are your golden years.
Wasted time is wasted years.
Go for it all, and have
no fears."



John Yates

"Please listen, you all, of the story I tell, of the rebirth of
a King, my 68 Camaro.

They tried with their IROCS, to turn back the clocks, but what
really can compare with my Chevy Big-Block?

With my four-fifty six rear, and the purr of my headers.
This is only a sound made in heaven.

When I pop it in first and step on the gas, the feeling I
have is right out of the past.

But the times have changed, I can see by the stores.
What once ruled the streets, now no one could care.

Although they still wonder and look at "What's that?"
I still know in my heart their car is no match.

So alas, praise the heavens for granting my wish, to
return to the highways with my four-fifty-four to the floor!"

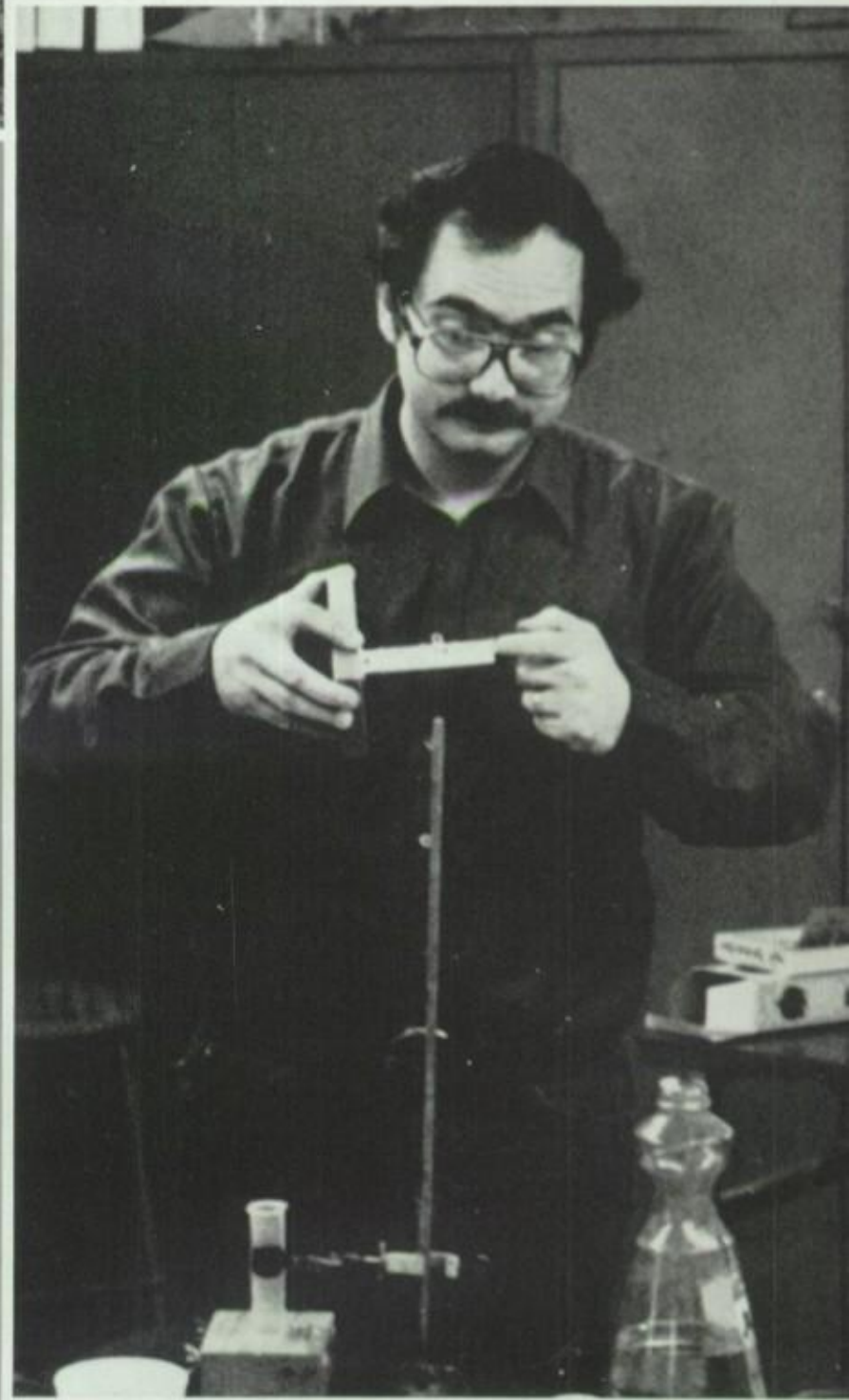
The following were not available for pictures

Cathy Adair
Richard Smith
Michelle Stanford



Wonder
Woman?

Walden's mad
scientist!

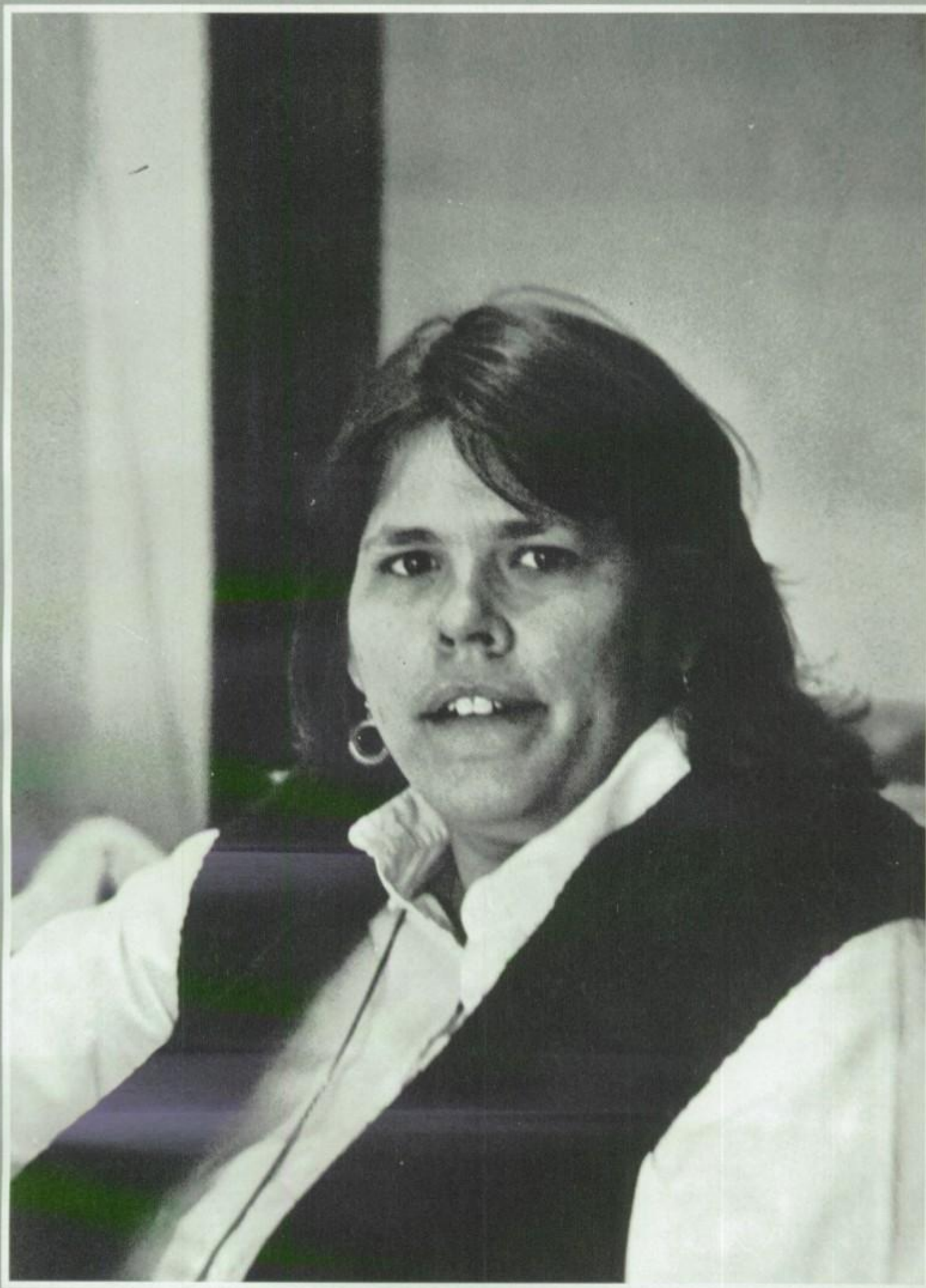


Walden



Faculty

Director



Pamala Stone



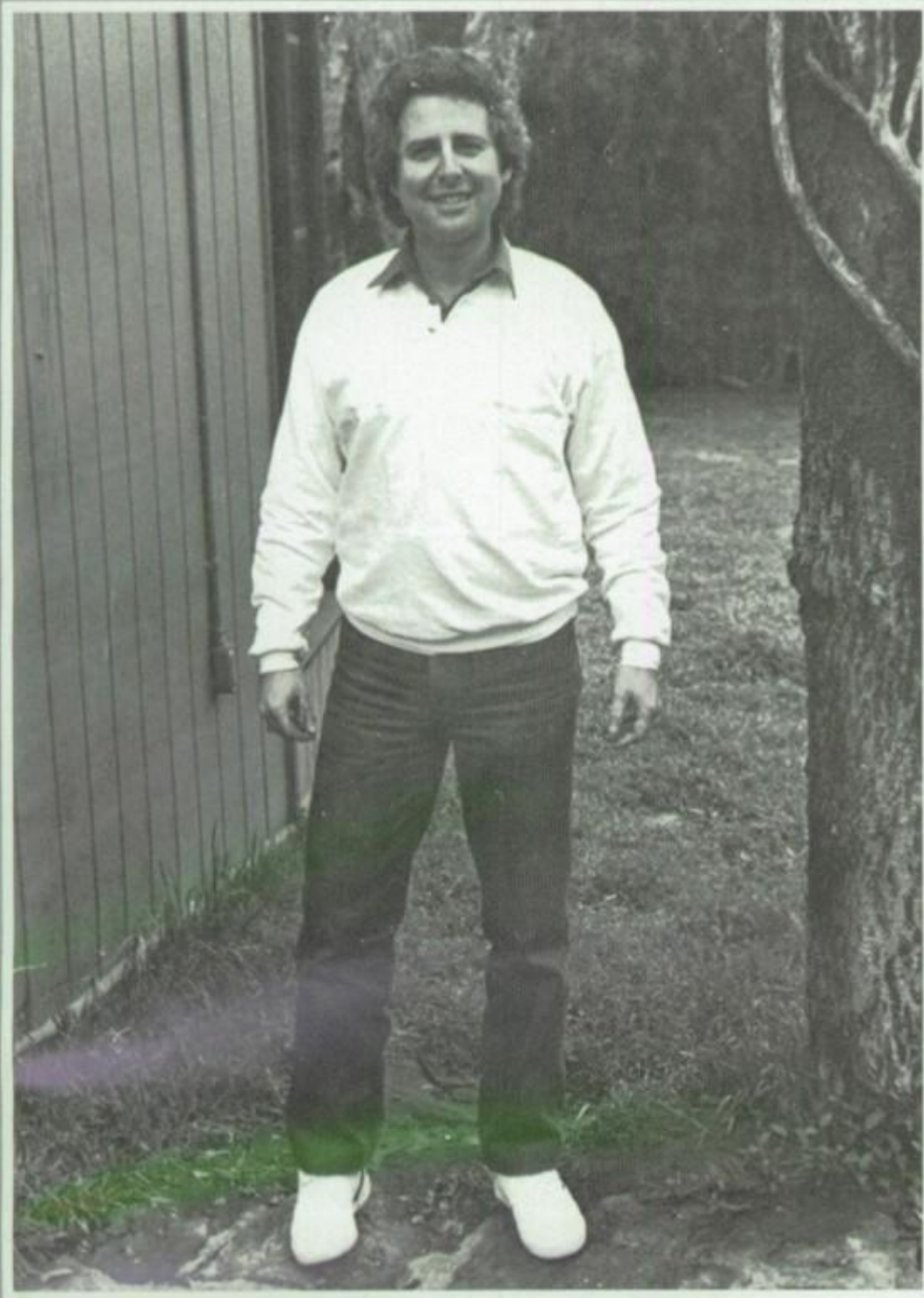
Flo Wagner

English
Photography

Brad Munk

Art





Steve Jacobs

History

Irish Booten



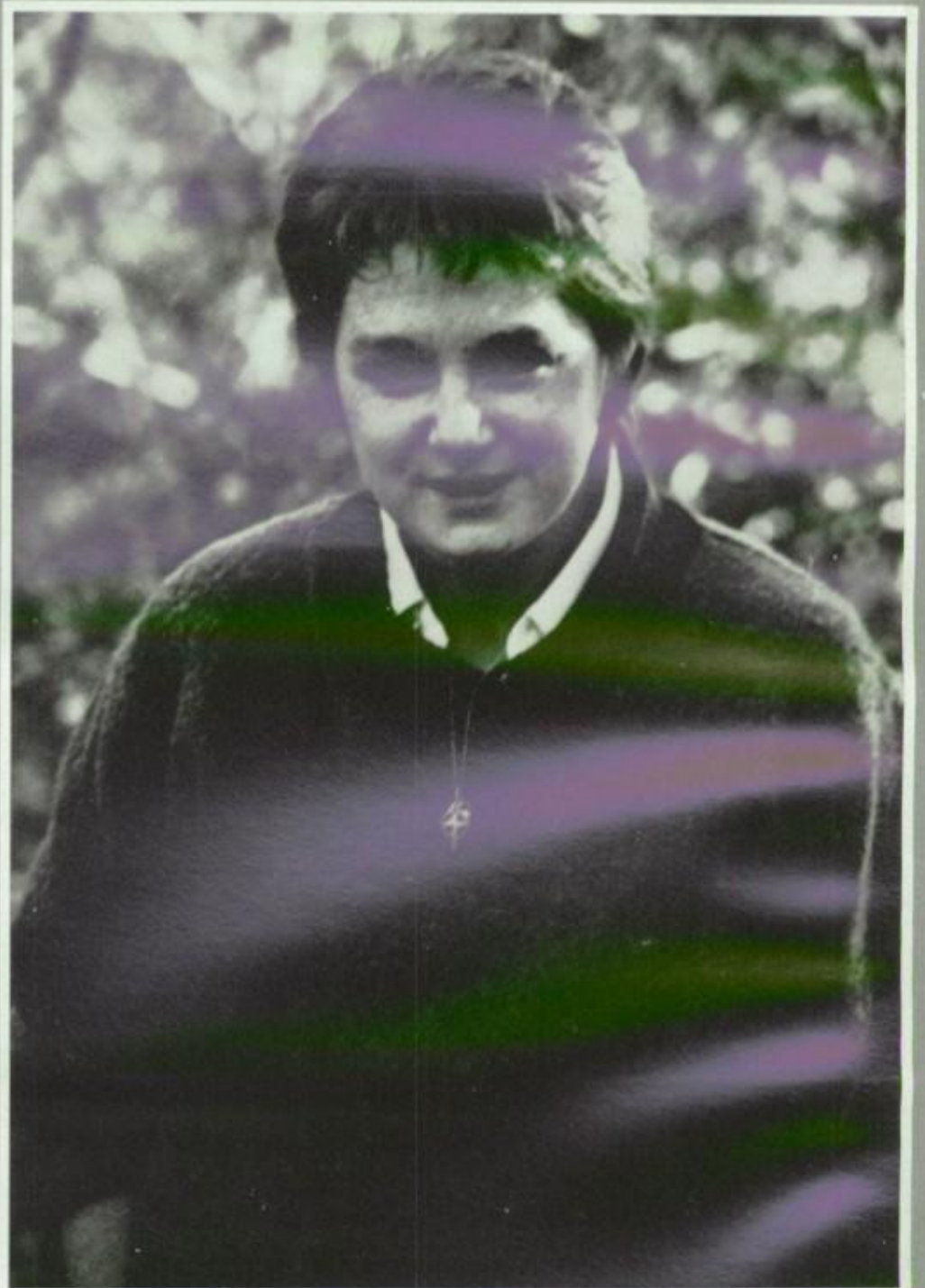


Kelly Walker

Math

Pamela Francis

English
Creative Writing



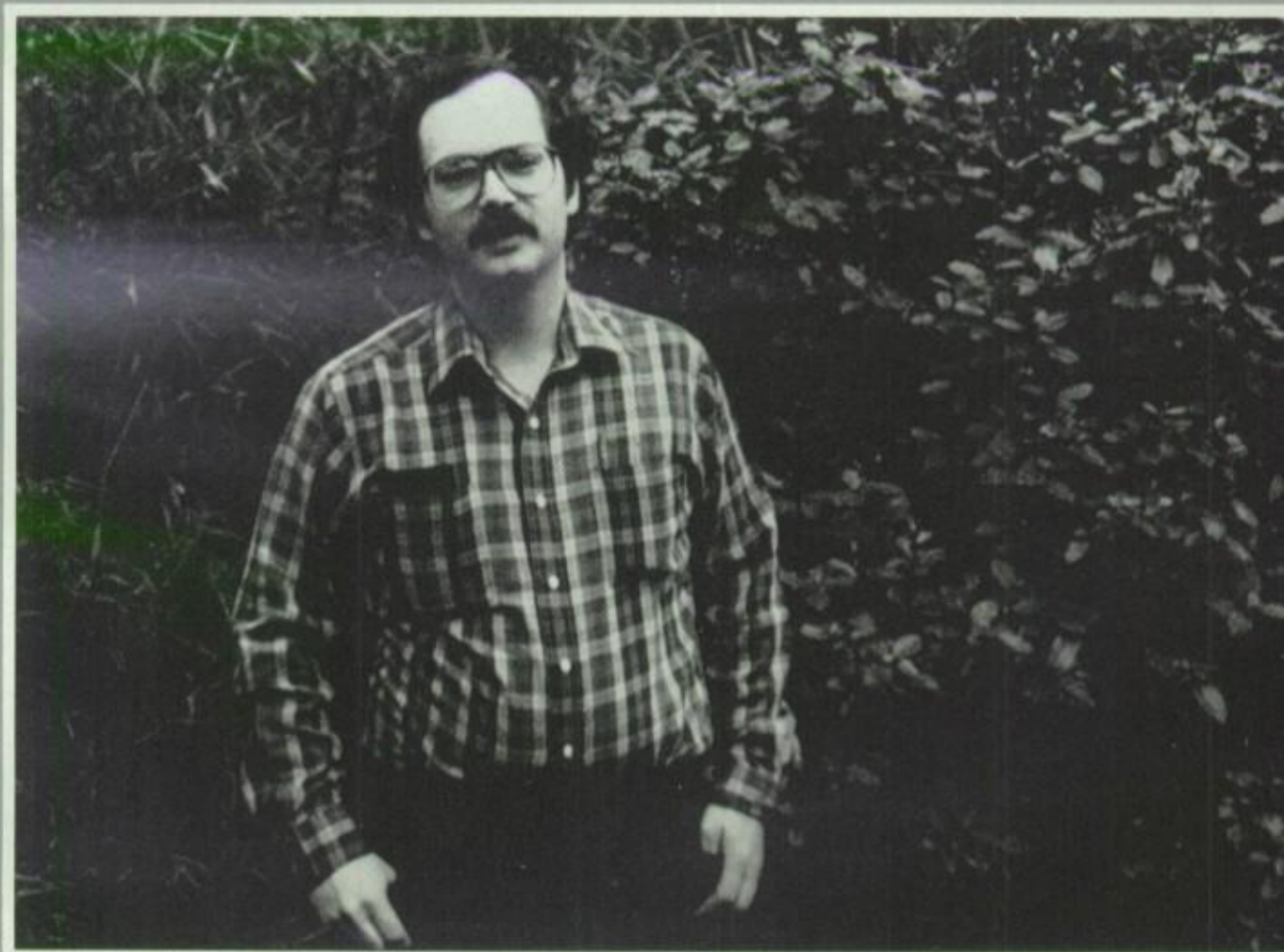


Becky Thomson

English

Bruce Bradshaw

Science



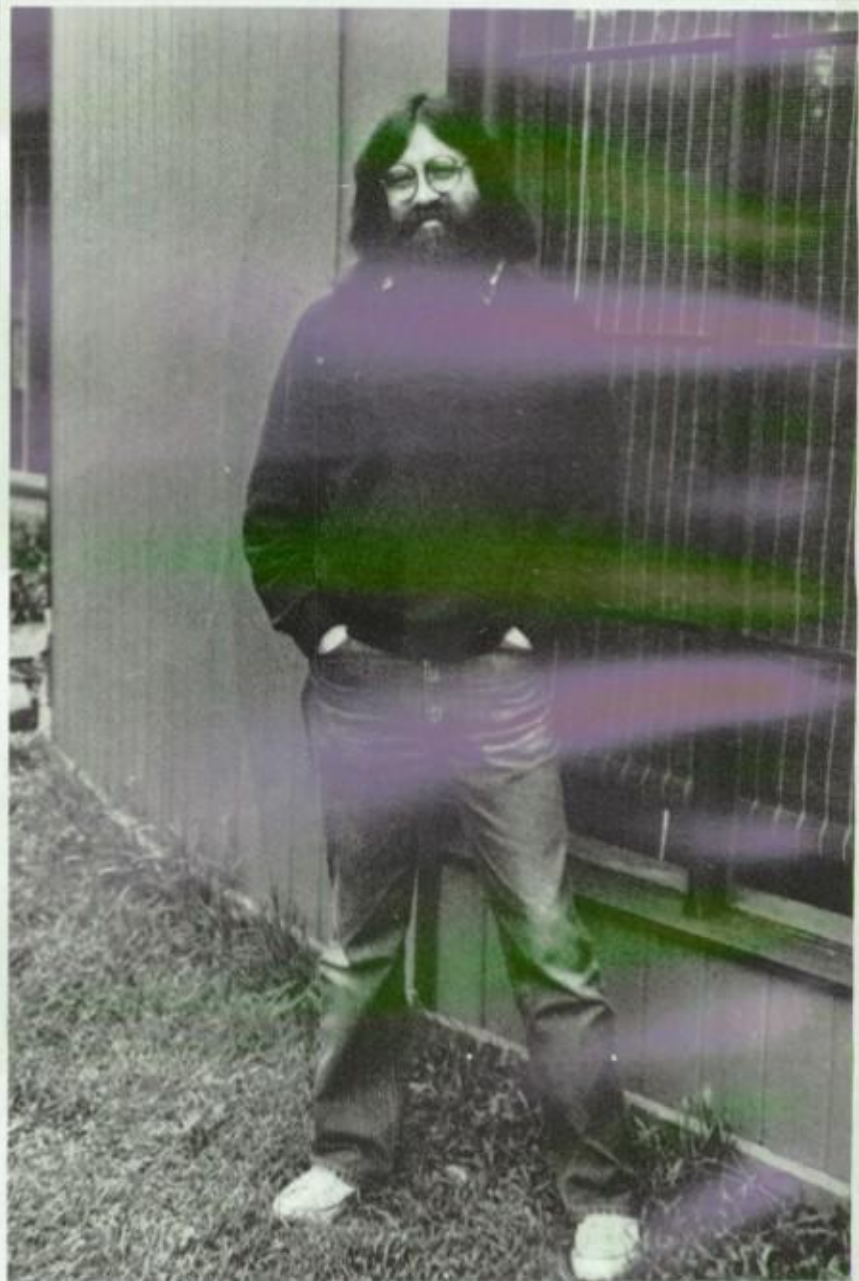


Michael Flanagan

Drafting

Stephan Houpt

Math
Physics





Earsley Matlock
our
Groundskeeper

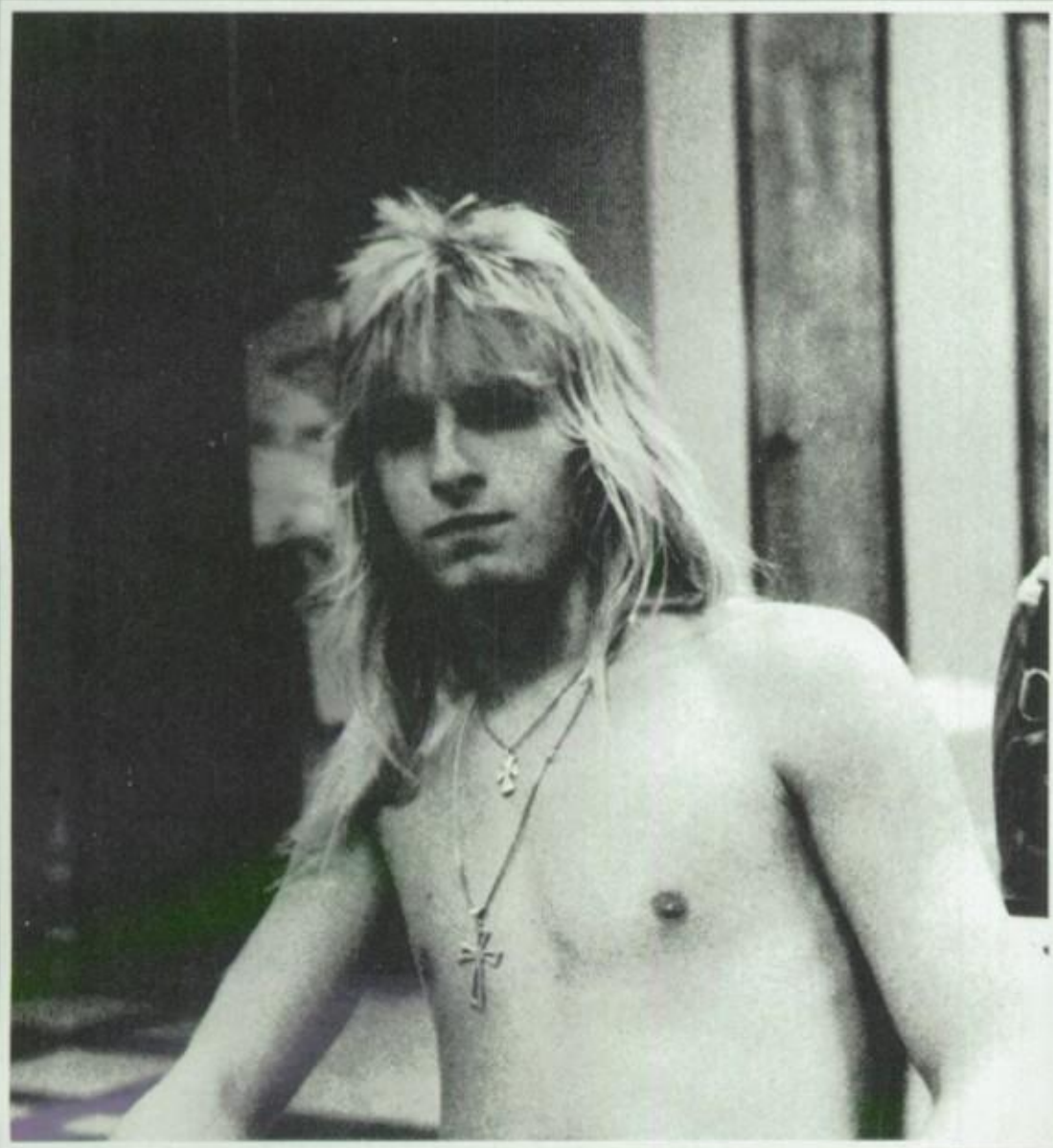
Life At Walden



Duh!!! A cup Brad.



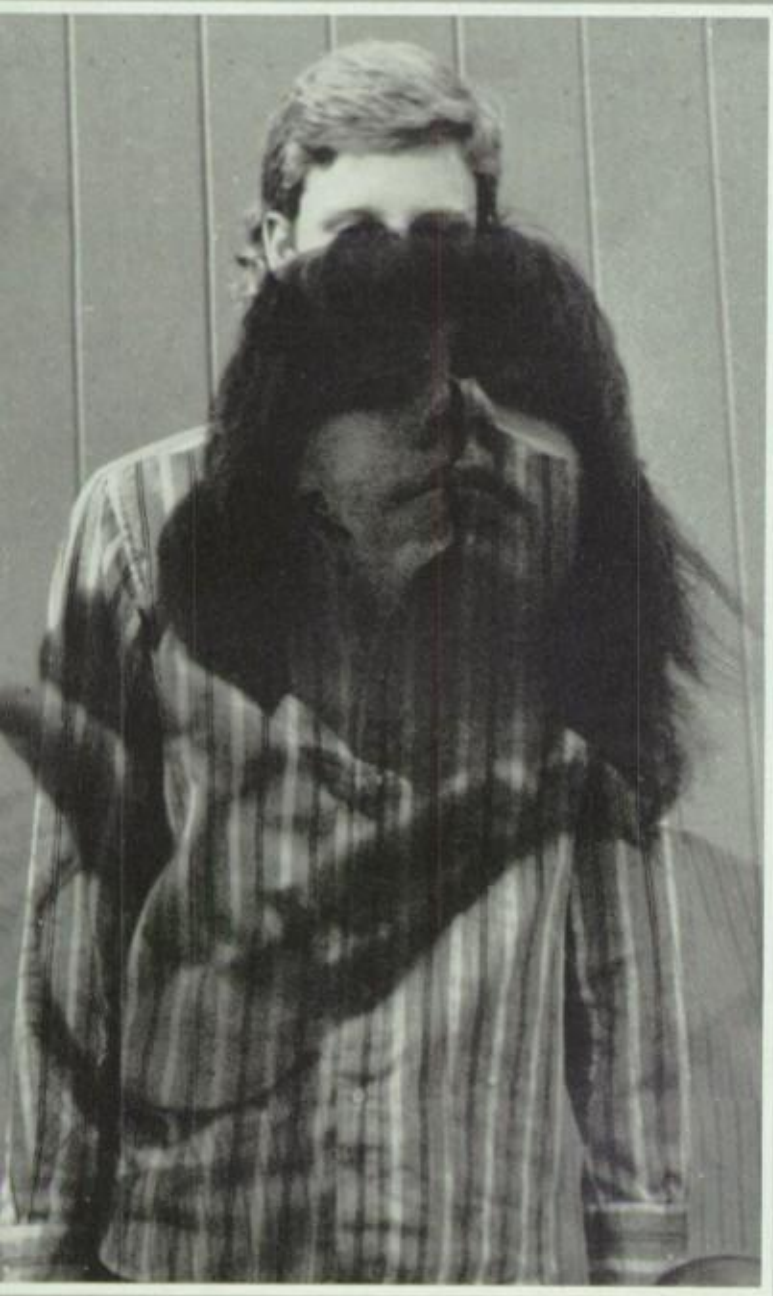
I don't wanna see what I'm eating, I don't wanna taste what you're eating, and I don't wanna hear your!@#!!!



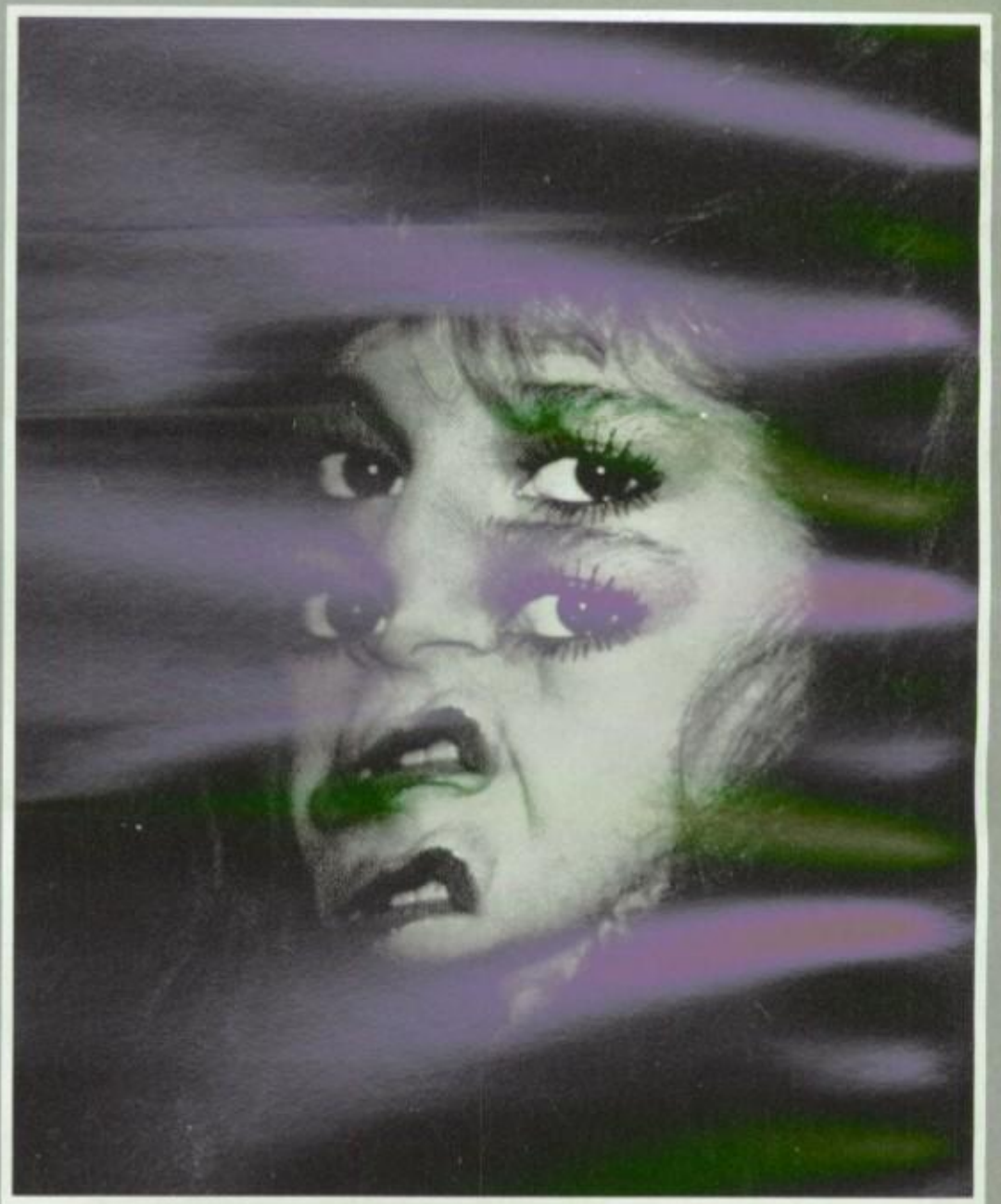
What? You mean we have a dress code!

"... so then Tina tells Cord she's pregnant, and Jamie's a drug dealer, and Vicki loses her memory, and ..."



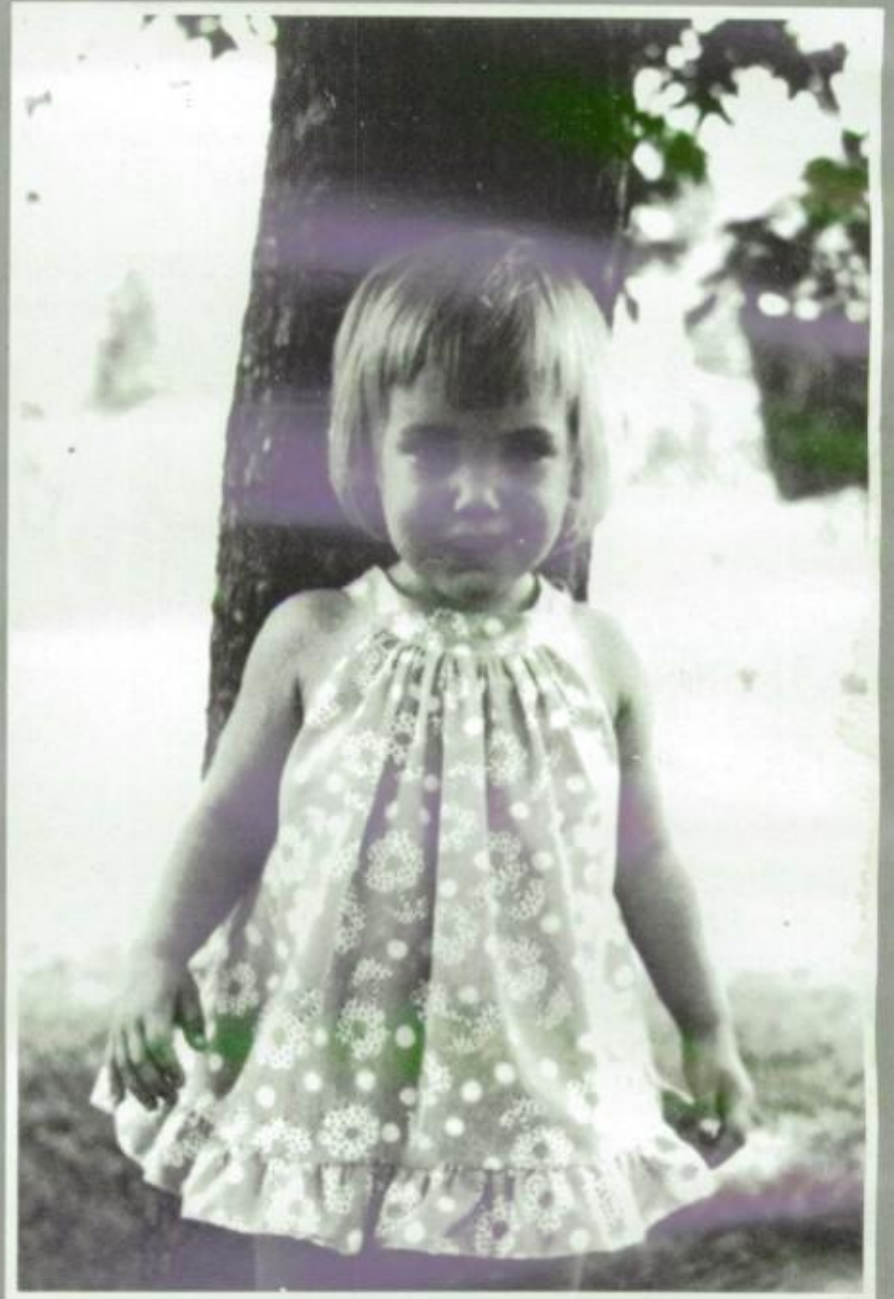


Two faced.

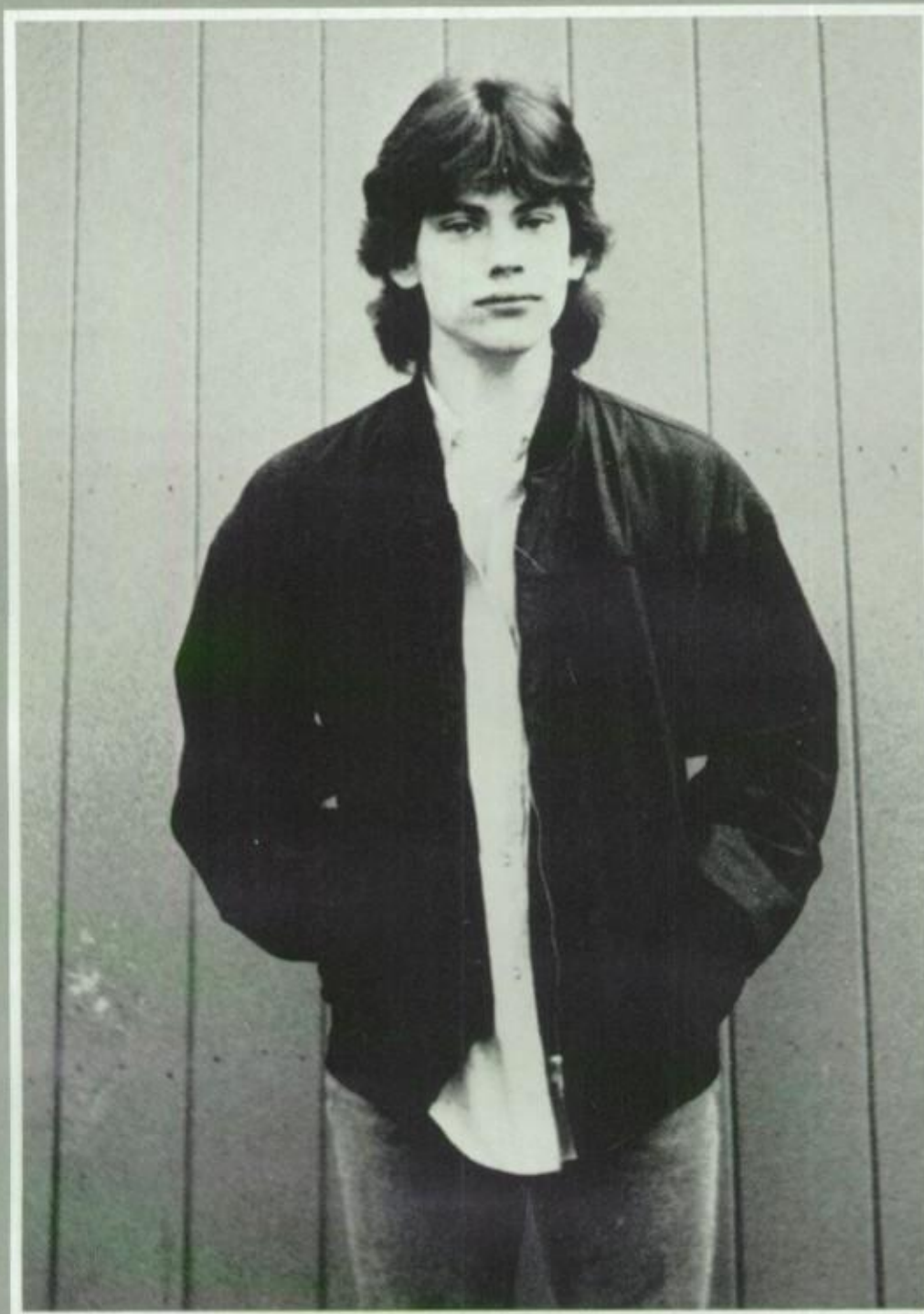


Monday!!!





Caught At the Last Minute



Brian Wells



Charlyn Hanna



Heidi Jenson
Layout Artist for yearbook

YEARBOOK



STAFF



Brian Dunn

Photographer/Printer

Beth Drahovzal

Photographer/Printer



Poets Corner



Pamela's Creative Writing Class



BLUE MOOD

Locked in a freezer
Mad at the world
I sat cussing and cursing
My lips turn blue as
Well as my whole face.
Being chilled doesn't help my mood.
Since cold is all you see,
Never mind my thoughts,
To you,
It's get what you see.
Being bitchy is a part of me.
Please take it all in stride
Get to know the ideas
The ones I feel the need to hide.

Never mind--
You can't open the door to let
Me out. . .
'Cause it's locked from
The inside.

---Susan Potter

A BAMBOO SUITE:

Secrets

Whispering of untold secrets--
a thousand bamboo shoots in the wind.

Defenders

The army of tall slender wood elves,
divided by the ranks of squat trolls,
led by the great ugly ogre.

Breakers

The million tiny water droplets
in a wave swaying in harmony--
the thousand bamboo shoots in the wind.

---Marshall Umstadt

NOT ENOUGH OF

Struggling children
Each has a needing heart
For life has handed them
Not enough of. . .
Except a difficult part
Innocence gazing right at you
With their earth kissed faces
A lack of shelter and rest
So different from our slumber
In comforting places.
When you search deeply
Into their eyes,
Glowing souls of aching,
It's not enough
To fold them away
To protect your heart from breaking.

We can feel for their pasts
Reaffirming prosperity
Give--and attempt to
Prevent haunting fears--
Yet--is there enough of
In this world of ours
To make up
For the pureness of their undeserved
Tears.

---Stephanie Kerr

Time falls down
but not quite like
the mist on the inside
right corner of the
window pane that rolls into
the dust on the sill.

Emptiness is cold
but not quite as
cold as the wind
that you feel on your
cheeks as you walk
out of the door
away from the fire
into the darkness
without looking back.

---Stephanie Kerr

The fog hung
like a veil of gauze
in which
the moon
was trapped
like a fly in a spider's web.

---Stephanie Kerr

She's grown fat.

Not the obesity
of mothers with grade school children.
Not the plumpness
of too much rich food
and a life of luxury.
She still styles her hair,
she still wears the clothes
she saw in Vogue--
she hasn't succumbed
to polyester
and too much make-up.

It is the fat
of deprivation.
It is the fat of dreams
grown too lean.
It is compensation
for the slim unused passport,
it is a paying-back
of those thin days
that were fed on images
of faraway places
and a dark mysterious lover.

She has a real life now,
and has no need
for fasting.
The dreams are dead,
and she picks the meat
off their bones.
She sucks their marrow,
and grows fat
on the memory.

---Pamela Francis

Winter's cold, sharp
edge comes
and goes

Mothers and their
babies anxiously
await the Spring

Though it is an
exciting spectacle
to observe blossoming
flowers

Somehow I feel sad
to see Winter go--

---Ashley Lockhart

IMPRESSION OF DEPRESSION OPPRESSION

Hunger, Hunger everywhere
Faintly cries fill the air
People dying in the street
People having nothing to eat.

Waiting in food lines, waiting in rows
Everyone's hungry, everyone goes
All of the children, women, and men
Wonder if this will happen again.

---Chris Gabbert

WEST END POEM

people sit in late winter sun
eating innovative ice cream,
listening to train whistles
from beyond the tank cars,
music from the marketplace,
humming freeway in blue sky
through Dallas Alley.
they look at steel and glass
rising up beyond
polished red brick,
at Reunion Tower like a ball
atop the Old Spaghetti Warehouse.
they want to walk on old boards,
to sit along the sidewalk
with BMW blondes,
to blend into bricks
and antique street lamps
and new wave neon.

---Stephen Houpt

LIFE SONG

As I look at life I hear a song.
Not a song of sorrow anymore.
Eat my bread, drink my wine;
I shall never be hungry again.

We live day to day,
Never thinking of the past.
Sure, we wonder where we're going:
It refuses to show itself.

---Dirk Carter

POOR CHILDREN

On a cold winter night in January,
the first was brought,
even though there was not enough food to feed.
Then the second, the third, the fourth, and
the last.
Still no food, seven years later.
Bring hope.
Oh God,
bring hope.
It makes you wonder. Why?
The answer is unknown to mortals.
Why must it happen?
That poor child must suffer
for me.
Amen.

---Dirk Carter

On a warm winter's day
The sun was shining down
Warming the world and
Bringing smiles to sullen faces.

On a cold summer's day
The clouds blew in,
Casting a spell on all and
Closing open minds.

Spring and fall both
Bring the rain.
Hypnotizing winds spin
And everything stands still.

On a day lost in time
The clouds were shining
The wind and the rain were still
And the sun eclipsed the moon.

On this day
Everyone could hear the silence
Of the mind being lost--
The end of absolute reality.

---Barbara Wilson

AT THE SINGLES' BAR

Smoke arises from the
cancer sticks like thick
London fog

Sweet perfume mixes with
the stale smell of beer

Love songs shoot their
Cupid arrows in the hearts
of all the lonely people

---Ashley Lockhart

STANDING

There is a bar
Yes, Deep Ellum again,
Choked with my own cigarette smoke
No, I don't know how I got in.

But I'm standing there,
And the band is playing
Songs I didn't recognize
And the singer's sweating, saying,
If Lou Reed would just come back
It would be all right.

I think back to other nights
A small cafe, dark and hot,
We drank hot tea,
And danced a lot.

But now I'm here, and you're not,
And I'm singing in my head,
If you would just come back
It would be all right.

---Amy Hicks

A NEW BEGINNING

Thank you, Almighty God, for this blessed event.
Thank you for all this wonderful time
we have been through.
We will never forget
all the beauty you sent
And how she became a part of Them,
and a part of You.

---Ashley Lockhart

NEIGHBORS

The couple across the street
has two cars
and a dog that wags his tail
when they come home.
They have a grey cat that sits quietly,
tail wrapped around himself,
by the front door.
Their lawn is always neatly trimmed.
They take walks at sundown
and have guests on Sunday afternoons.
Through the screen door one can see
polished floors
and a clean table.
Their lives are neat and ordered,
and they turn off their lights at 11 p.m.

I live across the street.
There are fallen leaves on my sidewalk,
too many to clear them away.
I'm missing screens on a few windows
and my back door is sagging on its hinges.
I pace the floor at night and read,
sometimes till 2 a.m.
People come to stay a few days,
tracking mud across the linoleum,
then leave with a light wave.
I eat from cardboard boxes on the couch.
I never take walks;
I drive to the liquor store.

Our houses face each other
and we watch each other's home
when one leaves for the weekend.
While they're gone, I stroke the cat
and feed the dog,
and wonder at the neatness of their lives.

I wonder why I stalk these empty rooms,
late at night,
and why I fail to sweep the dust
away from the door.

---Pamela Francis

Float dreamily through the haze,
Coagulating among the cumulus skies.
Spectrums spread lazily across your face--
Float slowly away.

---Neil Fisher

PASSING TIME

Time, the way of life,
slipping through,
days just go by.
It wasn't like that before
when
I had other things
on my mind,
then love came in
and seemed to block out
all that time.
Life's getting shorter,
it's moving so fast,
can't get things done,
I save everything for last.
But last hasn't come--
I wouldn't notice if it did.

I just sit inside,
looking out through eyes,
thinking about moving,
then thinking twice.

---Susan Potter

WHITE ROCK LAKE POEM

Across the green water
and white-capped waves
under wind blown clouds
through flocks of gulls
past the fishermen
and the wooden pier
and the geese and ducks
and white billed coots
past the sailboats
and the bare white limbs
of the sycamore,
on the other shore
sun spotlights the shining
copper towers of the city.

---Stephen Houpt

CHANGE OF SEASONS

Orange, brown and green fingers
wave softly in the breeze

The present smell of rain is
sweet

A nipping chill arouses my curiosity,
as if it might snow soon.

---Ashley Lockhart

THE LOWLANDS

Past the moors and round
the rim of a valley
wet wet
dripping dark,
Heather with ashes
on her finger tips
and mud in her hair.

Go and stand at the very
very center of the opaque puddles
and it never rains,
it only drips
down the bark of trees,
off the leaves
running rivulets, oceans
between a few blades of grass

An empty white-washed room
with dripping walls
bare, cold
hollow but for a pattern of sand
brushed into piles on
the floor.

There are footpaths across the mud
that lead you to a crevice in the
meeting sandstone
that shelters
a pool of grey water
a bottomless pool of grey water
Heather at the bottom
of the grey-water pool.

---Amy Hicks

AN INTRINSIC HEART

The breeze of the wind
The extremely chilly winter sleet
For time has returned from sleep
To greet us with a freezing grin.
She would think it to be a sin
If no one noticed her silent creep,
So all of us creative souls keep
A constant watch upon her kin.
The trees and the rocks cause
A curtain which is meek and gentle.
Leisure time has now been completed
Winter shall now come to a pause.
And nature is becoming sentimental
For her goal has been succeeded.

---Allan McCracken

Not far off the ground
But still closer to the sky
Upon civilization's mound
In judgment I sit before your eyes.

Why is it that you label me
The reason must be wise
For this is what others see
Directed by your lies

Again I ask why this is
From your mouth no reasons flow
I need not hear your answer--
It's you who needs to know.

---Tina McClintock

THE RAIN

Breathe deep.
Feel the drops against your skin.
I know not, I felt so cold.

Crash of lightning, the explosion
of a thousand bombs all around.
The dark black sky seems impenetrable
Wet, sweet wetness, it tastes so sweet
It falls as if a single sheet.

---Dirk Carter

THE TREASURE SEARCH HAS COME FULL CIRCLE

A magnificent structure is seen overlooking water.
The reflection is definite and precise.
This grandeur was constructed by my father
And shall remain a fortress to suffice.
Many stories and memories have been produced,
Along with many fun-filled years,
And hopefully my family shall induce
Many joyous everlasting tears.
So now I become an heir
To a crown that has receded.
I anticipate that I shall take care
Of a dwelling which has been superseded.
The last of my days I shall enjoy
In the home I knew so well as a boy.

---Allan McCracken

ALONE

To be alone, I don't understand
But to a lonely heart commands
The power to rely on one's self
For any upbuildment.
Being alone is hard
But relying on the mind
For any sanity seems useless
But satisfies the heart's feeble
plea.

---Zack Reynolds

DEEP ELLUM POEM

Rock music rumbles from the
bowels of an industrial garage
past the bold strokes
of new geometries
through crumbling bricks
and faded and rewritten signs
to juke joints and black men
and Blues.

---Stephen Houpt

Someday, some Sunday.
I'll go.
Not when the grass is green,
or when the sun is high,
But when the earth is cold and dead,
And so the thoughts inside my head,
resolve themselves, and die.

One day, one Monday.
I'll come back.
Not in dead of winter, or under curtain
of clouds,
But when the air is warm
and soft.
And sunlight holds my soul aloft,
And despair sits on its haunches, cowed.

---Amy Hicks

SECOND THOUGHT

I never thought
how other people
thought-- now I
cannot stop.

---Susan Potter

Signatures

1) Mark

Lisajarasar

Brian
Holland

Samuel
Roger Nelson

an
chicken

Alfmi
Brewster

paige
street

Marshall Mustard

David
Dane Davis

TDLCK

Bill
Gibson

Steve Margrave
Ransom M = Sean

Pauline

Brian
Nell

Joan
ppd

Herdy
Jensen

Jim Wood
Dood

CHUCK
KAWNE

Mike
Williamson

003

Krisonda
Vandavee

